



THE ADVENTURES OF BLAKE & MORTIMER Based on the characters of EDGAR P. JACOBS

YVES SENTE • TEUN BERSERIK • PETER VAN DONGEN

THE VALLEY OF THE IMMORTALS

PART 1



THE ADVENTURES OF BLAKE & MORTIMER
Based on the characters of EDGAR P. JACOBS

THE VALLEY OF THE IMMORTALS

THREAT OVER HONG KONG

SCRIPT: YVES SENTE
ARTWORK: TEUN BERSERIK & PETER VAN DONGEN



COLOURS: PETER VAN DONGEN

My thanks to Yann and Laurent Verron for the kind 'loan' of their beloved Father Odilon who, back in his time, had the wonderful foresight to bring us closer.

YVES SENTE

I want to thank first of all my wife Ellen and my son Milan for their patience and support. My thanks to Teun for his critical eye and his invaluable help with machines, and thanks also to Paula.

PETER

I would like to thank my Paula for her constant – and 'digital' – support, and most of all for putting up with me every day. And I'd like to thank Peter for being the guardian of my '*lignes claires*'.

TEUN

Thank you to Theo van den Boogaard and Hansje Joustra for showing us the way, to the Blake & Mortimer team for helping us bring you this story, and to Yves Sente for writing it.

PETER AND TEUN

To fit with the setting of *Blake and Mortimer* better, we chose to use the Wade-Giles Romanisation system, which has now been mostly replaced by China's official system, Pinyin. Therefore, don't be alarmed if some names seem different to what you're used to!

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ON THIS STORMY LATE AFTERNOON IN JANUARY, THE PORT OF NANKING IS IN THE GRIP OF AN UNUSUAL AGITATION. ON THE MAIN DOCK, A SWARM OF PORTERS ARE UNLOADING THOUSANDS OF CRATES FROM LORRIES BEFORE TAKING THEM INTO THE HOLDS OF FOUR SHIPS GETTING READY TO FACE THE CHINA SEA.



IN HIS OFFICE, THE HARBOUR MASTER IS TRYING TO TALK THE MAN IN CHARGE OF THE CONVOY OUT OF SAILING AWAY JUST AS A NASTY STORM APPROACHES.



I beg of you, Dr Sun Sun-i—wait until tomorrow before leaving the harbour!

Let me reiterate, Captain. The highest authorities of the Kuomintang gave me complete power. The responsibility will lie with me, not you.



You've read the papers. The Communists are advancing! They wouldn't hesitate to destroy the treasures packed in those crates out there, simply because they are evidence of an Imperial China they reject.



As curator of the Imperial Palace Museum, I will not back down before a simple storm when the safety of thousands of years of our cultural heritage is at stake.

It's nothing like a simple storm, Doctor ...



Enough! Tell your men to help with the casting off.

Fine. At your command ...



AT THAT MOMENT ...

Ahoy, Mr Tung! That's enough!!

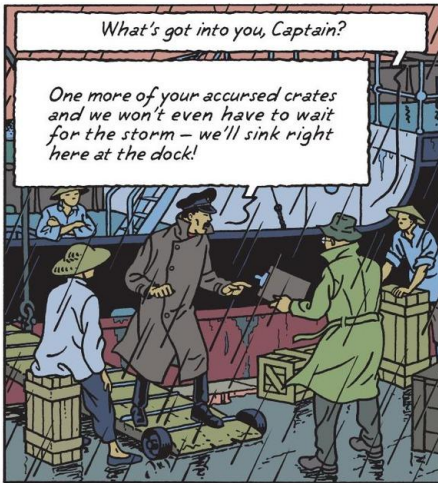


Turn around, you lot!



Mr Tung, we will not be taking anything else on board!





What's got into you, Captain?

One more of your accursed crates and we won't even have to wait for the storm - we'll sink right here at the dock!



What?! But the orders are—

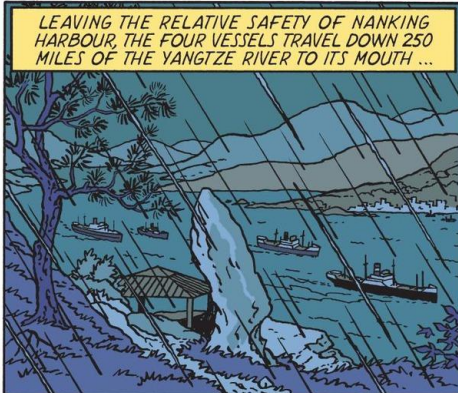
The hold is filled to the brim! Add even a single tin of tea and I will refuse to weigh anchor!



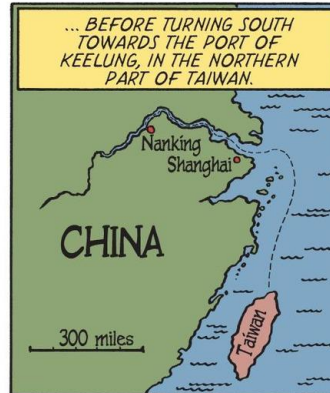
Fine, fine ... You, take these last few crates. I'm sure we'll find some space on ships two and three.



HALF AN HOUR LATER, DR SUN SUN-I AND HIS HEAD OF SECURITY, MISS T'I I-LAN, CLIMB ABOARD THE CONVOY'S LEAD FREIGHTER.



LEAVING THE RELATIVE SAFETY OF NANKING HARBOUR, THE FOUR VESSELS TRAVEL DOWN 250 MILES OF THE YANGTZE RIVER TO ITS MOUTH ...



... BEFORE TURNING SOUTH TOWARDS THE PORT OF KEELUNG, IN THE NORTHERN PART OF TAIWAN.

CHINA

300 miles

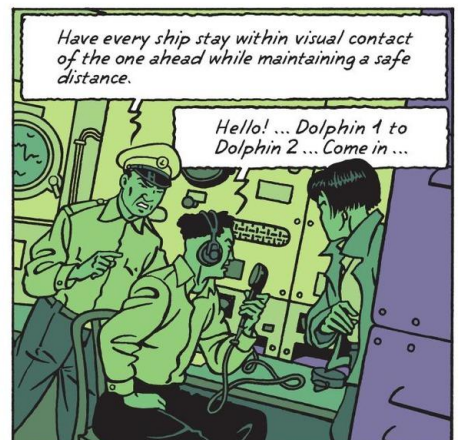


Captain! Maintain wireless contact with the rear of the convoy.

You heard the lady, First Mate. Do it!

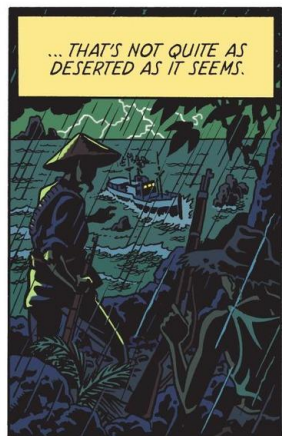
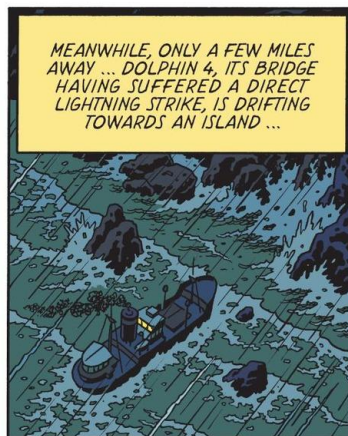
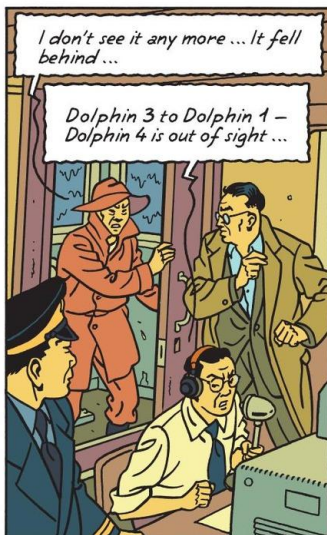
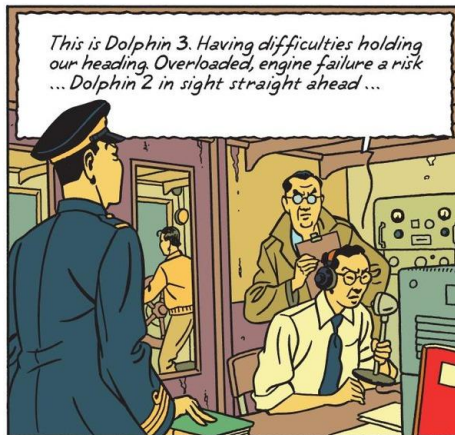


Right away, Captain.



Have every ship stay within visual contact of the one ahead while maintaining a safe distance.

Hello! ... Dolphin 1 to Dolphin 2 ... Come in ...



SEVERAL MONTHS LATER, LORRIES FLOOD INTO BEIGOU, BRINGING THE CARGO FROM THE THREE SHIPS THAT MADE IT SAFELY TO TAIWAN.

DR SUN SUN-1 AND HIS ASSISTANTS ARE TRYING TO FIND ROOM TO STORE THE 240,000 ARCHAEOLOGICAL TREASURES EVACUATED FROM MAINLAND CHINA UNTIL SUCH TIME AS THEY CAN BE PROPERLY DISPLAYED ELSEWHERE.

Dr Sun Sun-1! News of Dolphin 4!

At last! Quick, tell me!

The captain managed to escape from the island where he was being kept prisoner. The collections are safe. The bad news is that they're in the hands of pirates who work for the Triads.

In the hands of ...?! This is a disaster!

Let's not lose hope. The pirates will try to sell their loot to art traffickers, and we know those traffickers will smuggle the 'goods' through Hong Kong and Macao.

The Colony's Marine Police have already been informed. Chief Inspector Flagstaff has requested a detailed inventory of the missing pieces.

A detailed inventory?! Heavens, look around us, my child!

Yes?

We lack the room to store our 20,000 crates, Miss Ti. Taking inventory in this chaos is simply impossible ...

We may have to move to a different storage site soon, actually.

What do you mean? Aren't the collections finally safe here?

These hangars aren't protection enough against bombings, and the thermo-hygrometric conditions are less than ideal for some of the pieces. I'm considering a transfer to the Wufeng caves ...

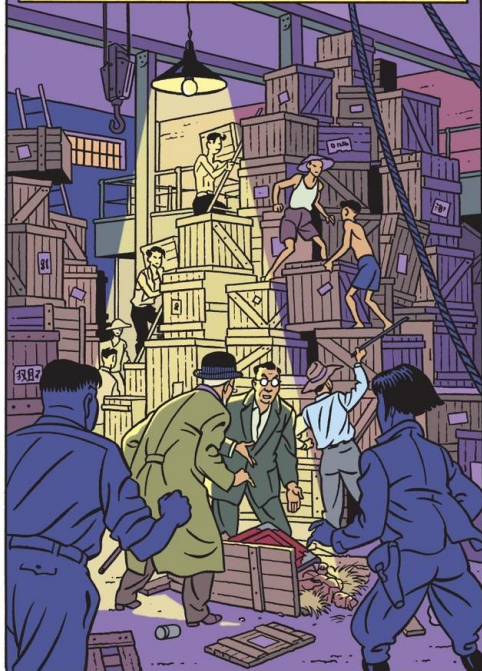
Dr Sun Sun-1! Come quickly!

What is it now?

That's Tung Pao. Let's go and see!

Doctor, one of the crates fell and broke open! There was a casket inside ... Come and see!

A FEW SECONDS LATER, THE CURATOR AND HIS ASSISTANTS HAVE GATHERED AT THE SITE OF THE ACCIDENT.



By all the gods! A casket from ... the Ch'in dynasty! And this terracotta statue, such unrivalled craftsmanship! How is it that I've never seen it before?!



This crate is from a lot of items from the first imperial dynasty. Most of the pieces couldn't even be examined before the evacuation of the collections from the Palace Museum in February 1933.



All of these are ... 2,500 years old! Magnificent! What's this? They look like ... scrolls. I cannot resist the urge ...



Go on, Doctor. Read it.



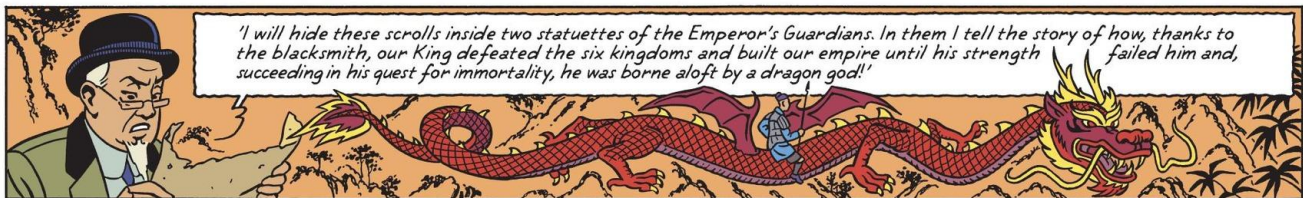
'I, Shao, historian at the court of the Son of Heaven Shih-huang-ti, have decided to recount the facts I have witnessed ...'



'... and been a part of, from the arrival at court of young blacksmith Shou Kung until my flight tomorrow from the Imperial Palace, if the Heavens grant me their forgiveness.'



'I will hide these scrolls inside two statuettes of the Emperor's Guardians. In them I tell the story of how, thanks to the blacksmith, our King defeated the six kingdoms and built our empire until his strength failed him and, succeeding in his quest for immortality, he was borne aloft by a dragon god!'



By all the stars! If this text is authentic ... then it is the only writing contemporary with the first Emperor of China to make it to us!



If I may, Doctor ... Doesn't the name Shou Kung remind you of anything? The discovery inside the Great Wall ...

Goodness me! How did I not make the connection? It would be an ... extraordinary coincidence!



What about this? It was in the casket too.

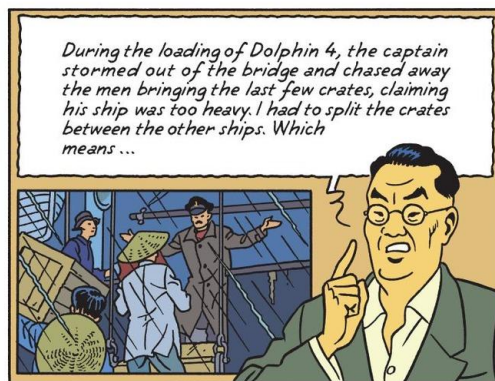
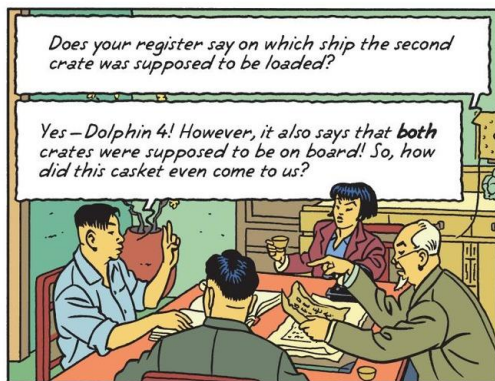
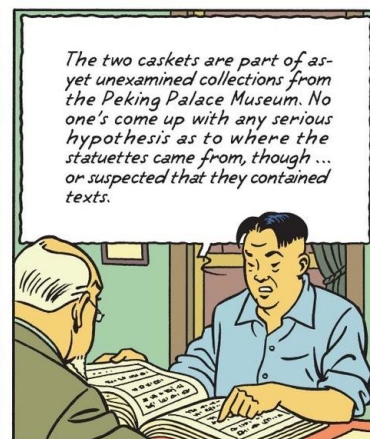
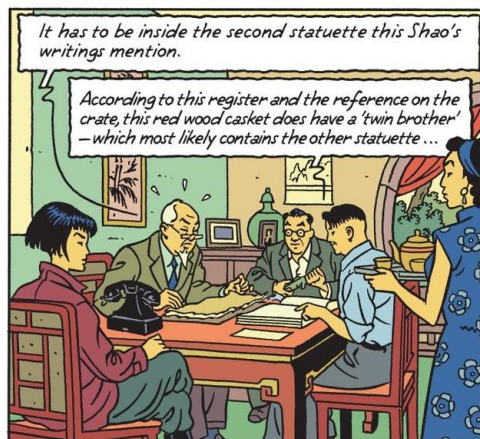
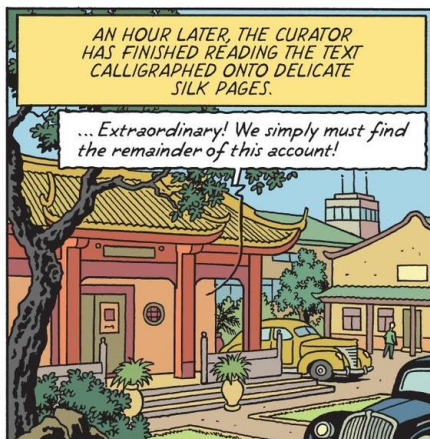
What is it?

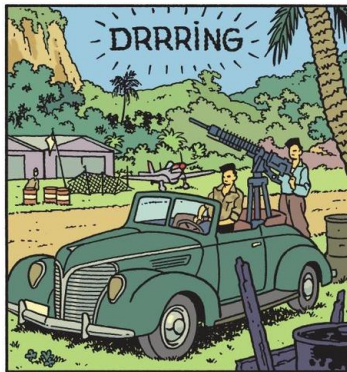
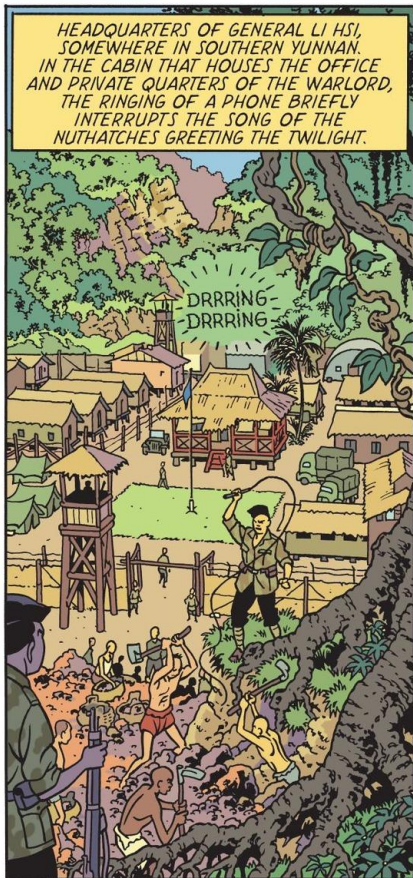


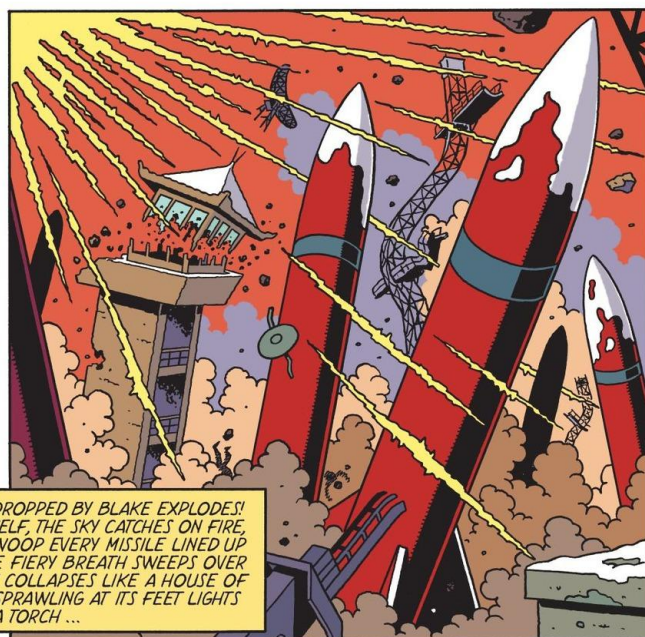
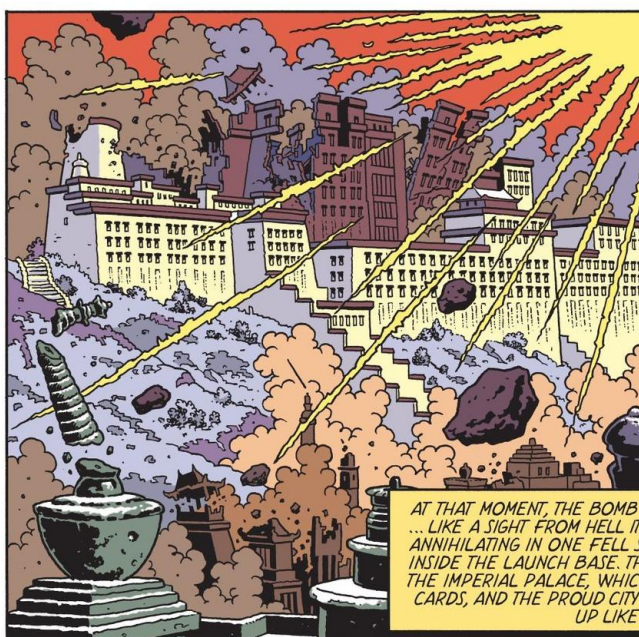
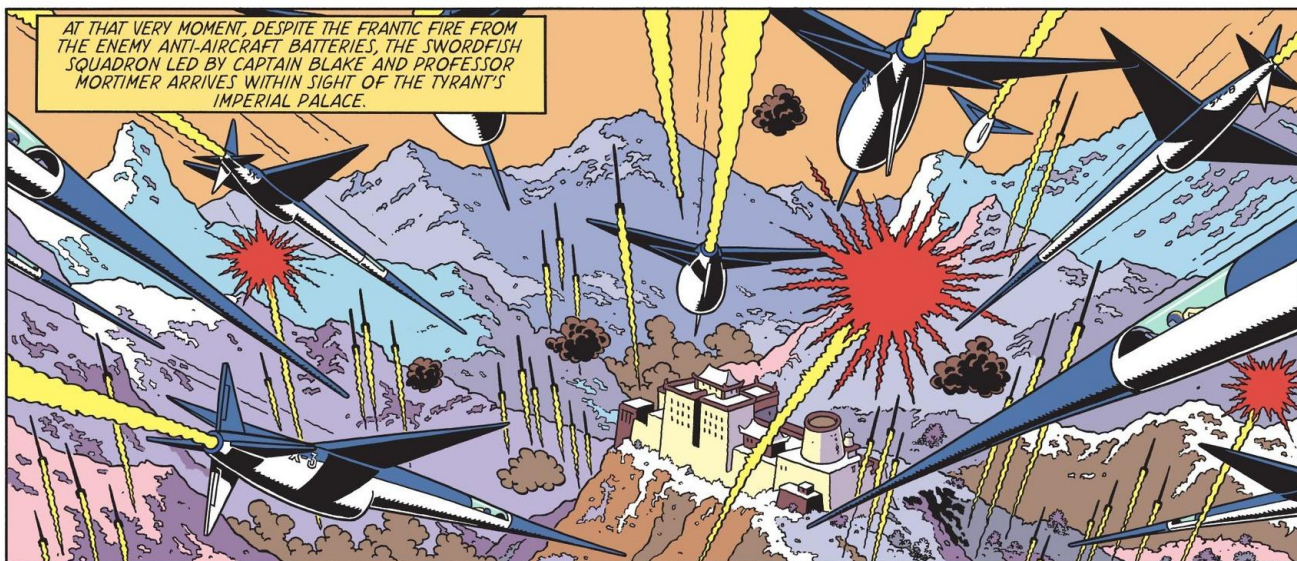
It looks like a simple mechanical device. Simple but sturdy. How strange. What could it possibly have been for? ...



Let's not stay here. Take everything to my office.

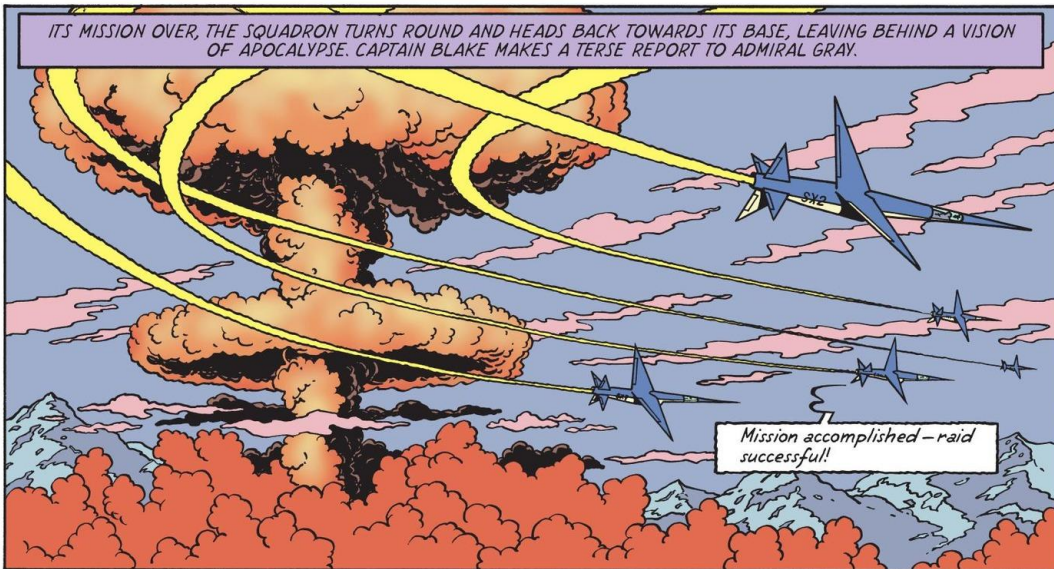






AT THAT MOMENT, THE BOMB DROPPED BY BLAKE EXPLODES! ... LIKE A SIGHT FROM HELL ITSELF, THE SKY CATCHES ON FIRE, ANNIHILATING IN ONE FELL SWOOP EVERY MISSILE LINED UP INSIDE THE LAUNCH BASE. THE FIERY BREATH SWEEPS OVER THE IMPERIAL PALACE, WHICH COLLAPSES LIKE A HOUSE OF CARDS, AND THE PROUD CITY SPRAWLING AT ITS FEET LIGHTS UP LIKE A TORCH ...

ITS MISSION OVER, THE SQUADRON TURNS ROUND AND HEADS BACK TOWARDS ITS BASE, LEAVING BEHIND A VISION OF APOCALYPSE. CAPTAIN BLAKE MAKES A TERSE REPORT TO ADMIRAL GRAY.



I know what you're thinking, Francis, but you know we had no other choice ...



I know, Philip. Thank you. As my first instructor used to say: 'It's a nasty job, but someone's got to do it ...'



IN BASAM-DAMDU'S PALACE, THE DEAFENING ROAR OF THE POWERFUL SWORDFISHES FADES AWAY, REPLACED BY A HARROWING SILENCE THAT BLANKETS THE ENTIRE VALLEY ALL THE WAY TO THE OLD THRONE ROOM. NOTHING MOVES ...



... EXCEPT A HAND, EMERGING FROM A PILE OF DEBRIS.



By the devil! We didn't stand a chance against that accursed Professor Mortimer's Swordfishes!



That said, I would have done the exact same thing if I'd been in their shoes. That crazy emperor deserved exactly what he ... Wait! Where did he go, anyway? He can't have just vanish—

C ... Colonel Olrik! ... H ... Help ...



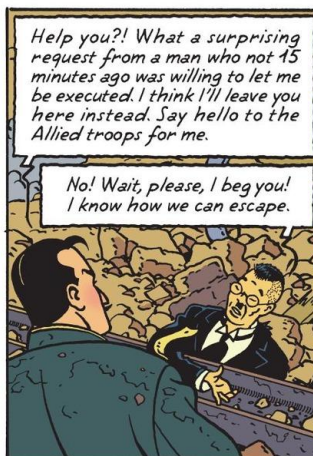
If it isn't the good Dr Sun Fo! It looks like besuited sycophants are as hard to kill as cockroaches!

Help me ... get clear ...



Help you?! What a surprising request from a man who not 15 minutes ago was willing to let me be executed. I think I'll leave you here instead. Say hello to the Allied troops for me.

No! Wait, please, I beg you! I know how we can escape.



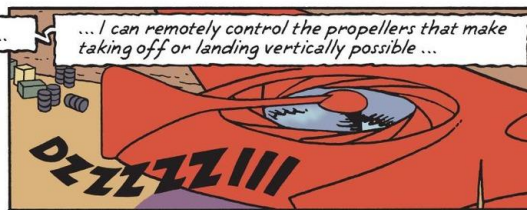
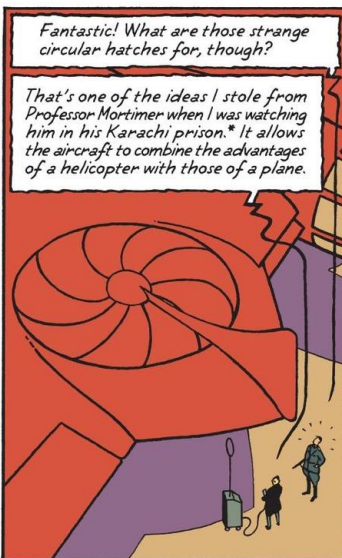
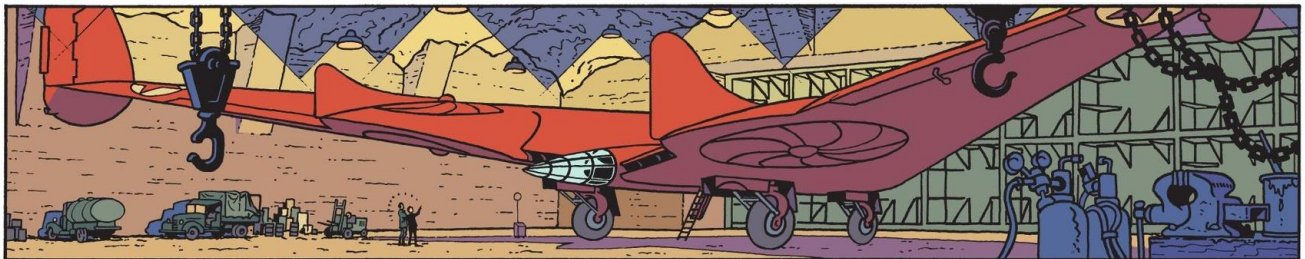
Behind the statue of Buddha ... A passage ... It leads to a secret hangar ... I built the Red Wing // there for the emperor's personal use. It's ... ready to take off ...

A Red Wing?!

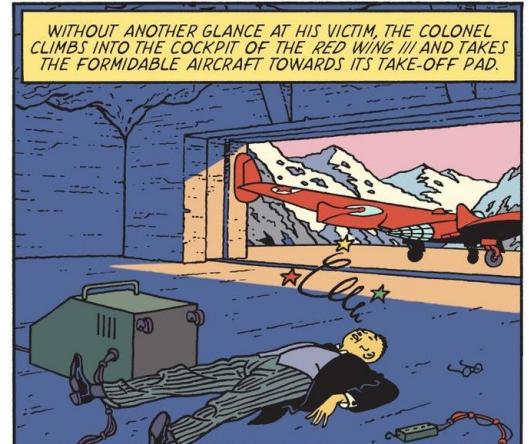


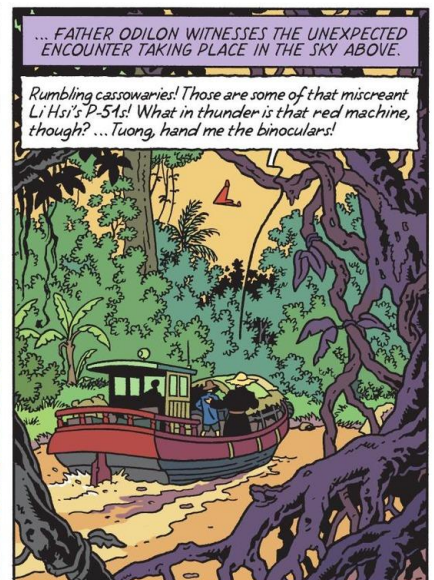
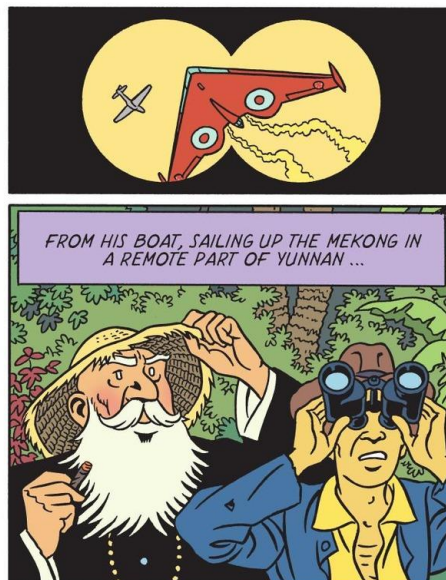
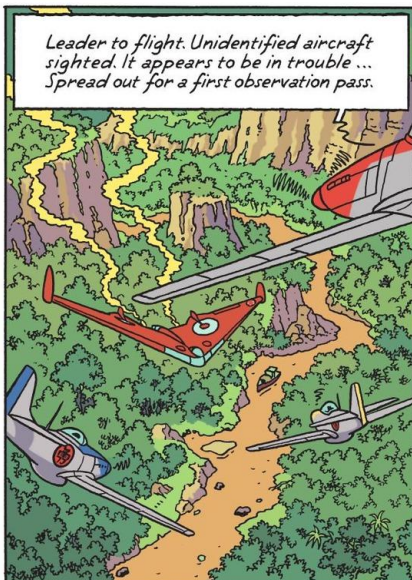
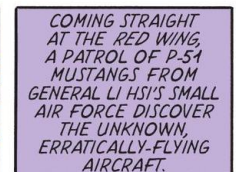
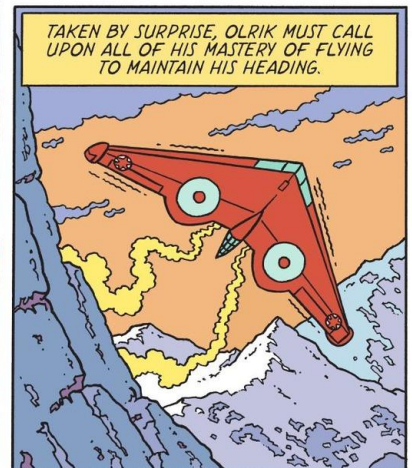
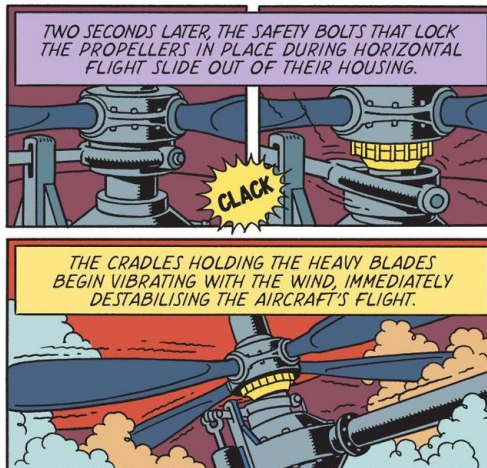
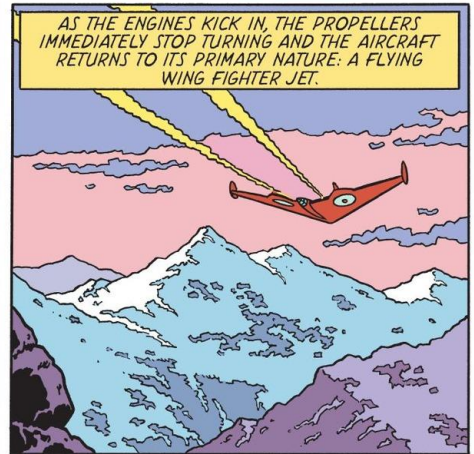
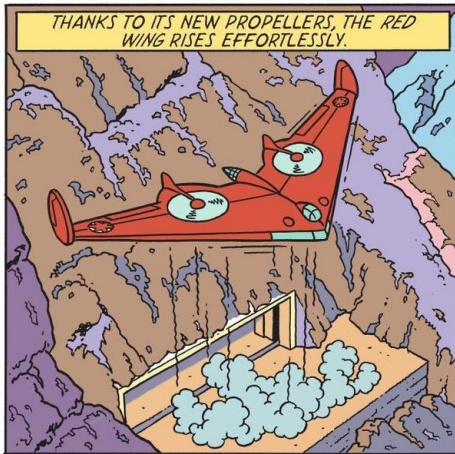
You just bought yourself a reprieve, Doctor.

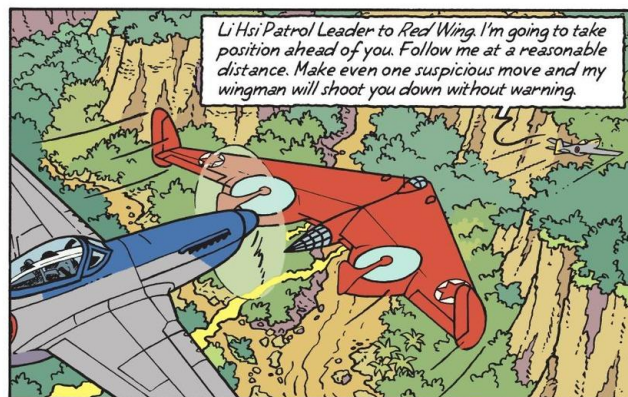
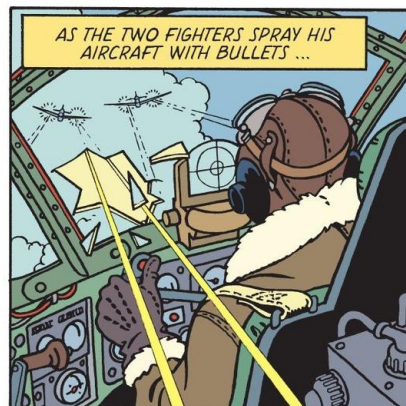
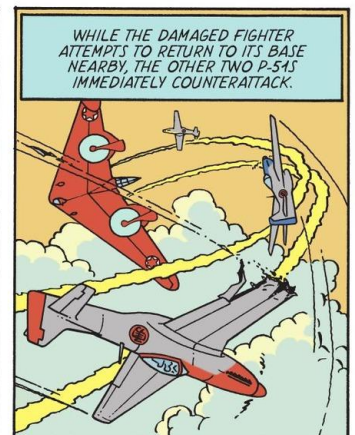
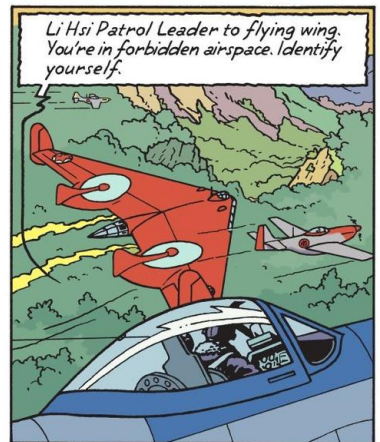
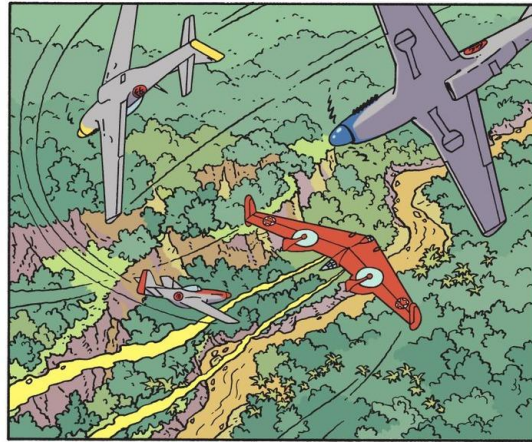


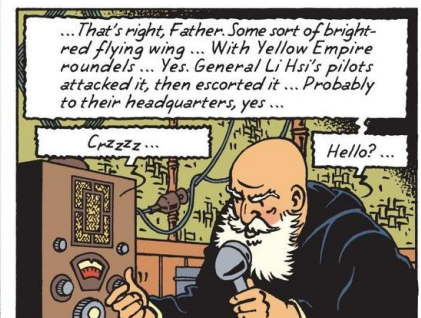
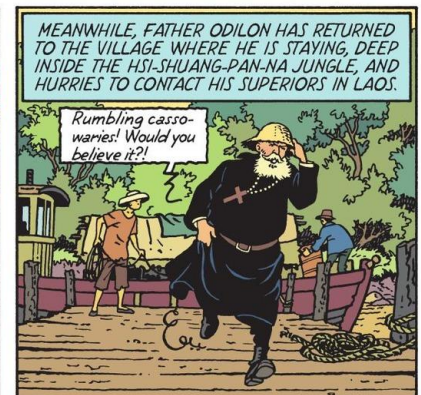
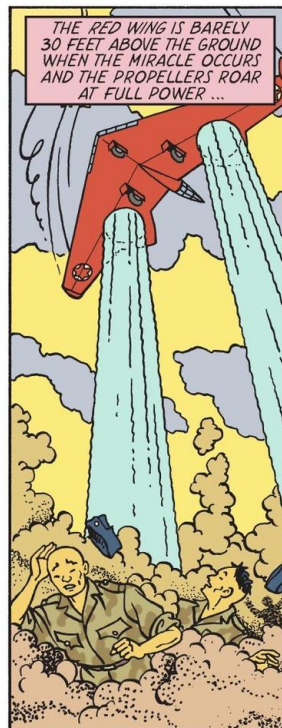
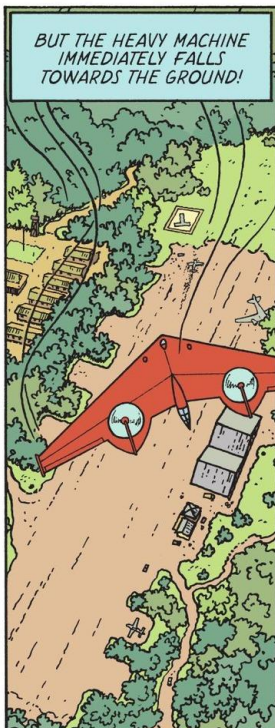
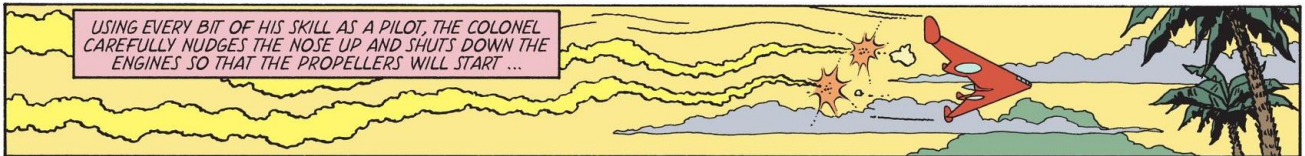
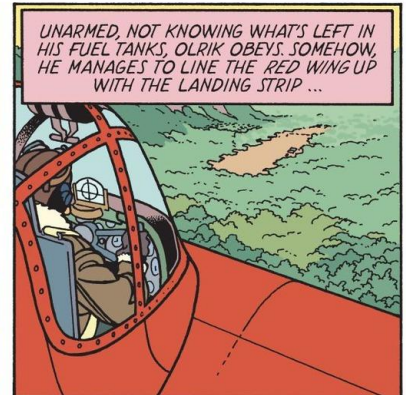
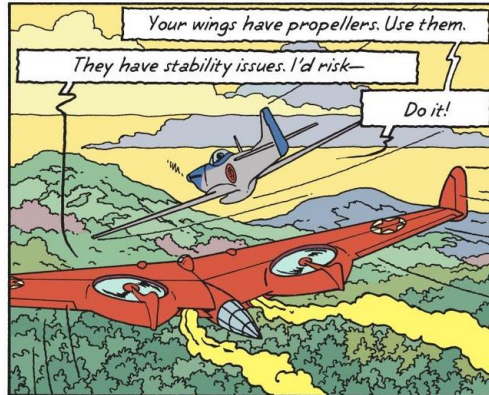
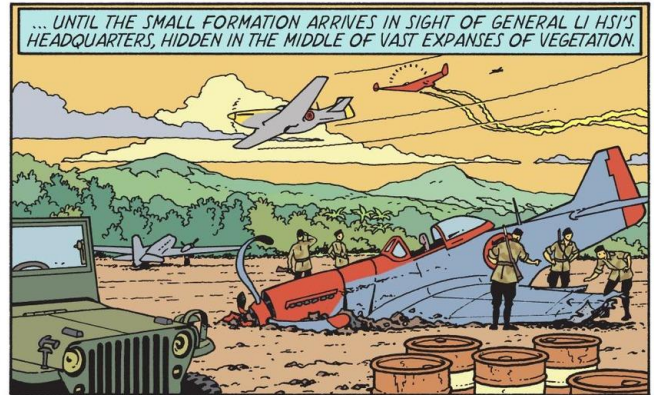
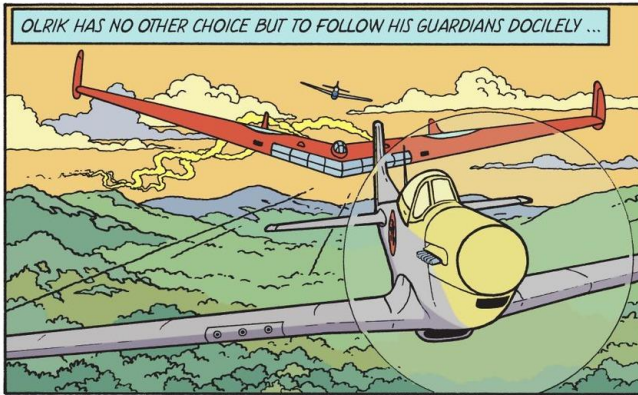


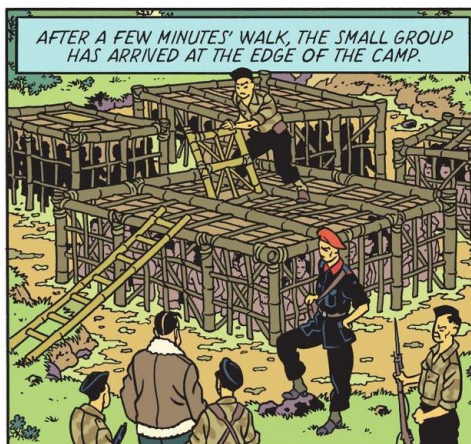
*SEE THE SECRET OF THE SWORDFISH.

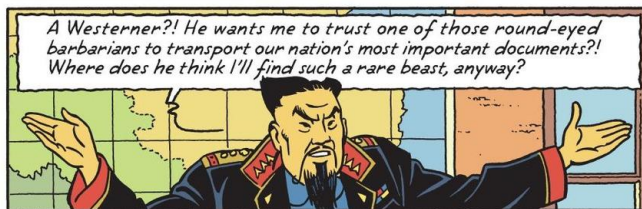
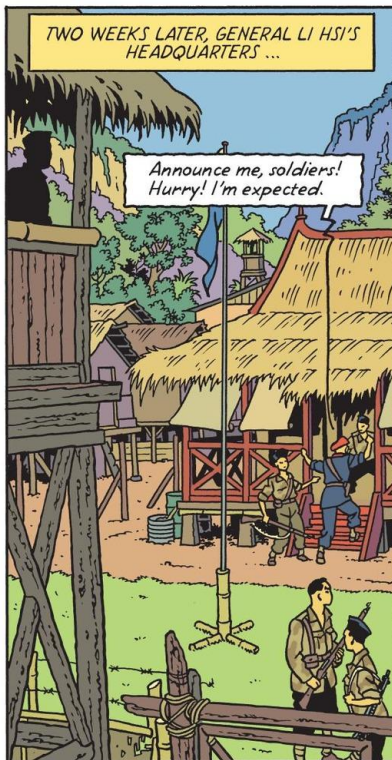












AN HOUR LATER, GENERAL LI HSI HAS ALMOST FINISHED EXPLAINING TO OLRIK HIS REASON FOR SUMMONING HIM.

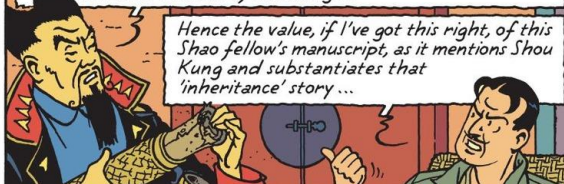


... As it happens, Colonel, I have in my possession a family heirloom: a will written centuries ago by my ancestor I'a Lu. In it she speaks of a son she had with one Shou Kung, designated heir to Emperor Shih-huang-ti ...

If that text is true, then I'm the last descendant of Shou Kung ... and therefore the heir of the First Emperor! Could anyone whose ambition is to rule over China dream of a better lineage?!



Would that document alone, written by an unknown poor woman, convince the Chinese people, though? Unfortunately, no. I'd be accused of scheming ...



Hence the value, if I've got this right, of this Shao fellow's manuscript, as it mentions Shou Kung and substantiates that 'inheritance' story ...

Exactly! I have a team in London working on recovering Shao's written introduction and the analyses of the British experts. Another of my agents has infiltrated Dr Sun Sun-i's entourage and will steal the first half of the text and bring it to Hong Kong.



Once we've assembled all the texts, I shall have ample proof of my divine ancestry. Then, with my army and your Red Wing, I will take Hong Kong, and soon all of China will turn its back on Communists and Nationalists alike to flock to my banner! A new empire will be born!



Hmm ... In that case, I'm just the man you need, General. A professional spy, white, unscrupulous and fearless, who can easily infiltrate British society ... and can fly a Red Wing! We just need to agree on a price, that's all!



You dog!



We give you a chance to save your miserable life, and you dare—



Calm down, Captain!



Hmm ... Let's table payment for my services for now. The only urgent problem that needs to be solved is that my face must be on wanted posters all over the world. I'm going to have to find the—



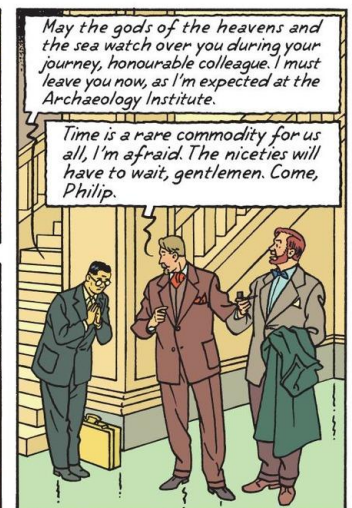
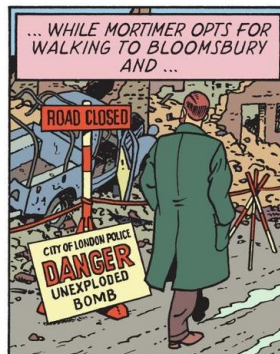
SUDDENLY THE COLONEL STOPS, HIS TRAIN OF THOUGHT DERAILED BY A SMALL ARTICLE ON THE LAST PAGE OF THE SOUTH CHINA MORNING POST.



If you need a disguise, our intelligence service will provide you with everything you need.

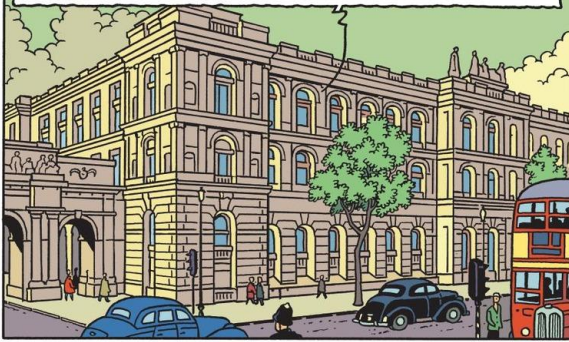
Gentlemen! If we can agree on the logistics I will need, then I think we will do great things together ...





AT WHITEHALL, SEAT OF THE FOREIGN OFFICE, AN IMPORTANT MEETING HAS STARTED. THE FOREIGN SECRETARY, ERNEST BEVIN, HAS CALLED IN SIR ALEXANDER GRANTHAM, GOVERNOR OF HONG KONG, FOR A COMPREHENSIVE DEBRIEFING.

Gentlemen, as you know, the fall of the Yellow Empire has led to a redistribution of power in Asia, to no one's surprise.



That is why I asked Sir Alexander to come back and shed light on the situation for us. You have the floor, Governor.

Thank you, Mr Secretary.



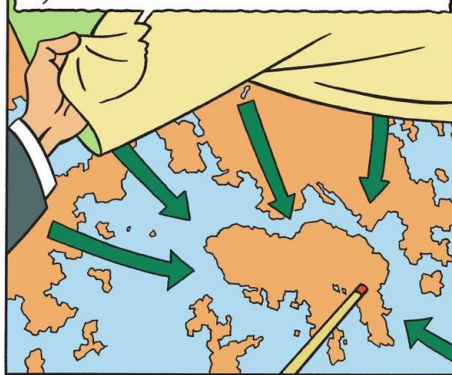
Gentlemen, the situation in South Asia is volatile. Freed from the threat of the Yellow Empire across their western border, Mao Tse-tung's Communists and Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalists have resumed their fratricidal war in China. The former seem close to victory. My deputy will show you on the map.



Chiang Kai-shek has already sent collections from the Palace Museum, along with part of his administration, to the island of Formosa - Taiwan. He may even be considering a permanent retreat there. But that's not all.



Frightened by the Reds' advance, refugees from mainland China are heading to Hong Kong in the thousands. Here they are, shown in green. Moreover, Communist tanks are approaching our borders north of Kowloon.



Finally, our troops, as well as the population, must deal with constant provocations from the warlords who still terrorise the area. Colonel ...



One fighter in particular, from General Li Hsi's forces, doesn't hesitate to violate the Colony's airspace. It sows death and destruction in the bay before hightailing it back to China as soon as our Spitfires take off. The locals have taken to calling it *yu-hsia* - the knight errant of their legends ...

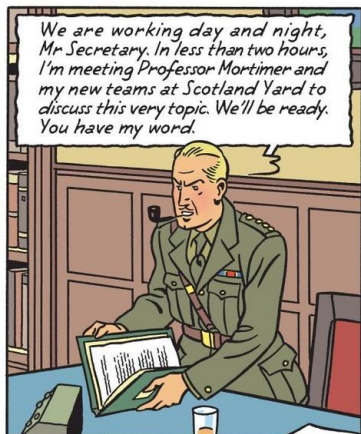
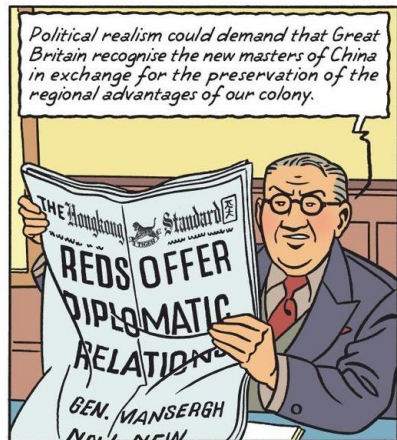
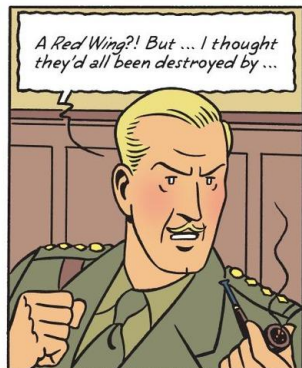
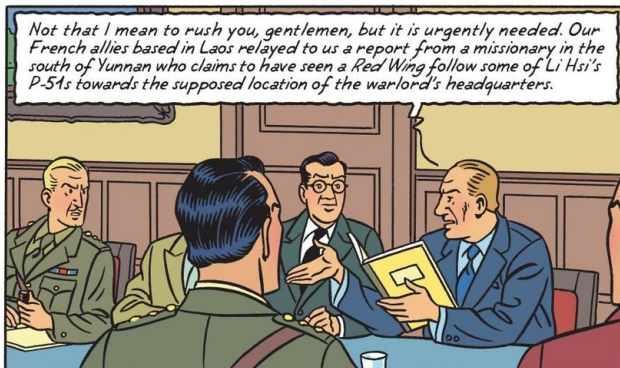
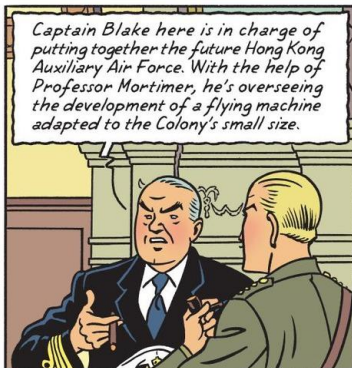


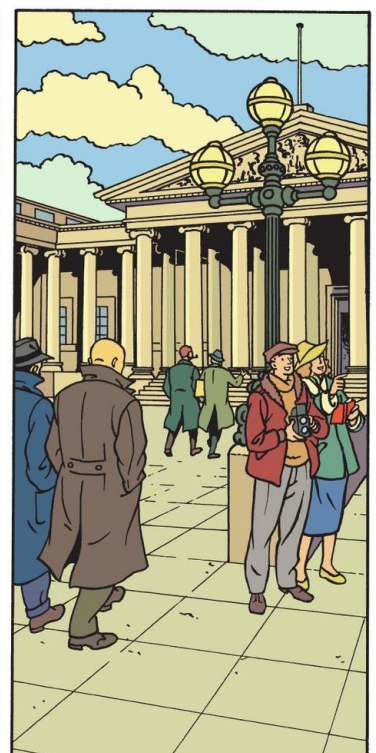
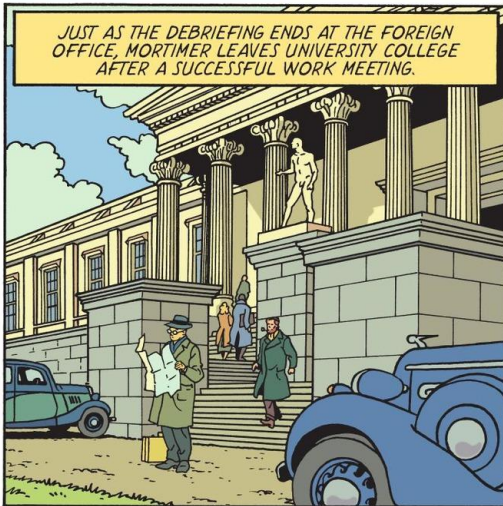
The very layout of Hong Kong works against us. Our airspace is severely limited. As our Spitfires aren't allowed to pursue the attacker beyond our borders, all they can do is fly around in circles, which isn't a very effective defence.

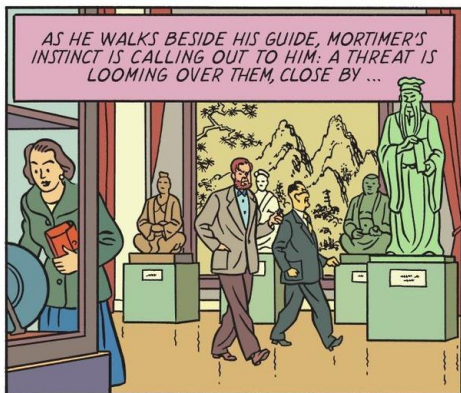
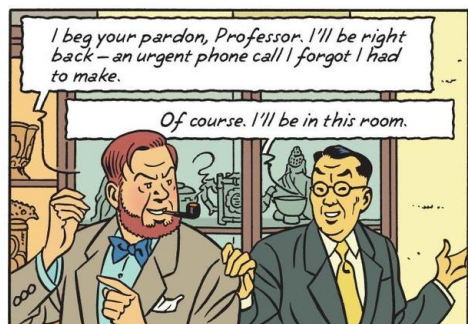
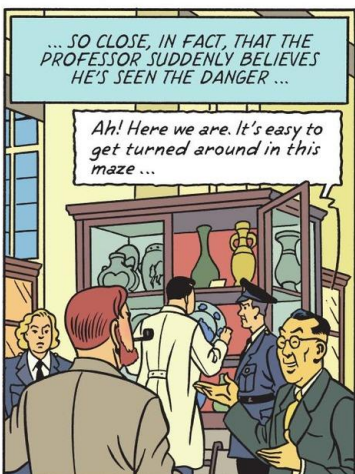
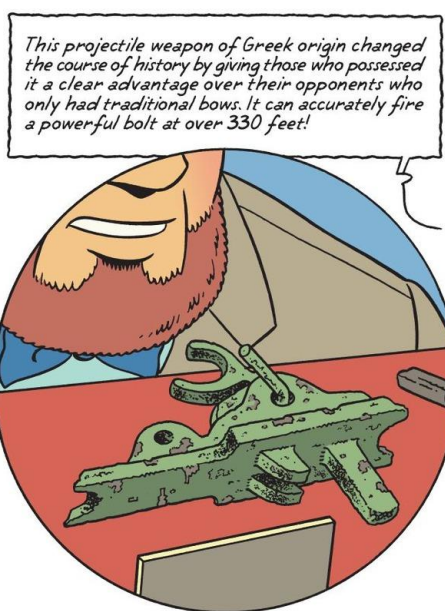
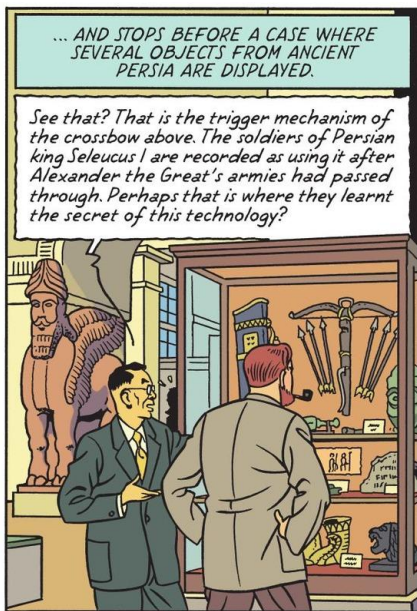


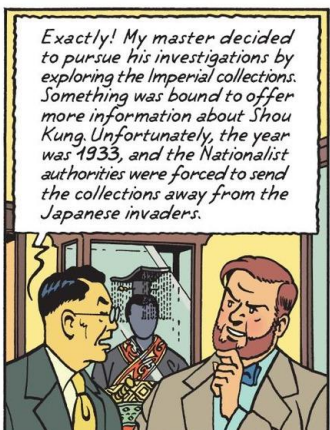
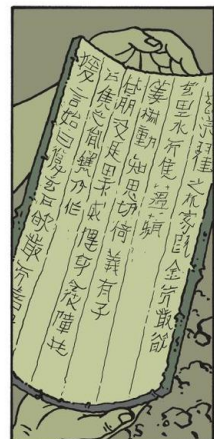
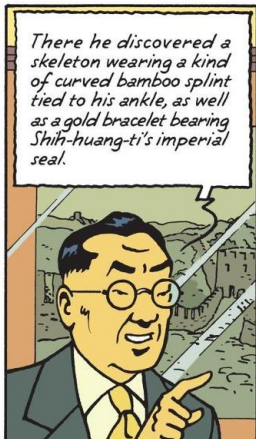
On that subject, Admiral Gray - where are we with our project for a new defensive weapon?

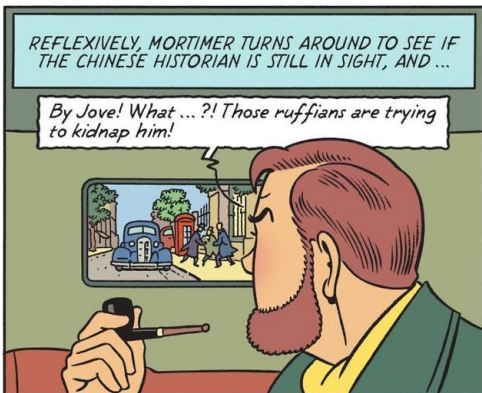
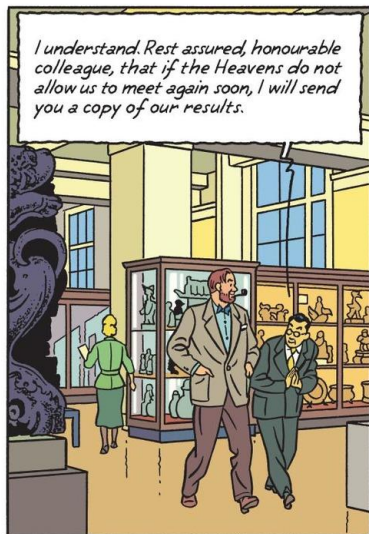
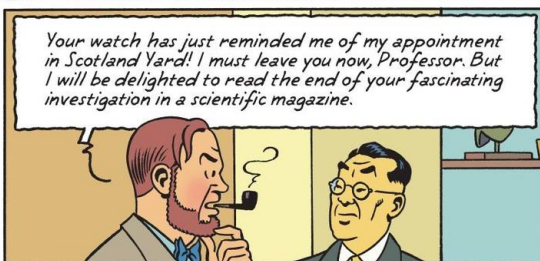
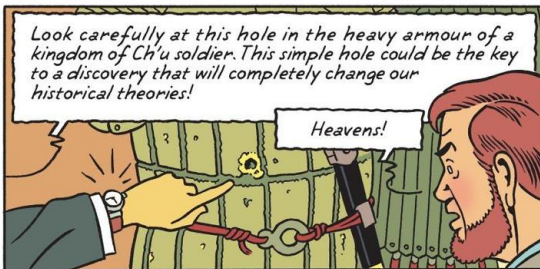
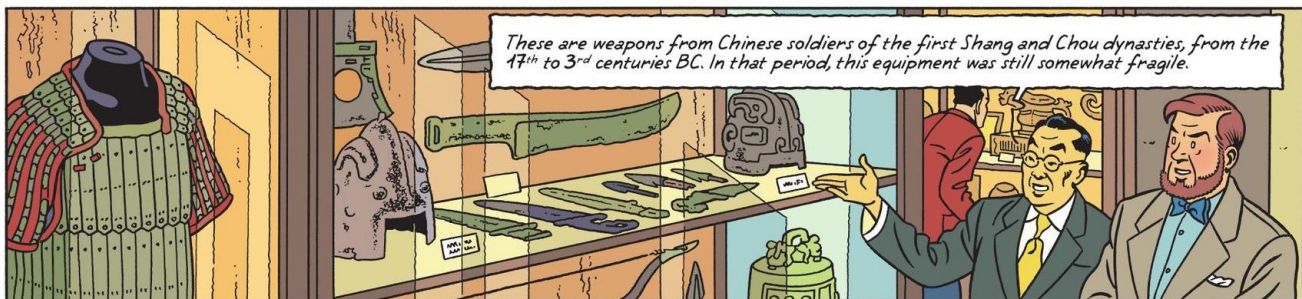


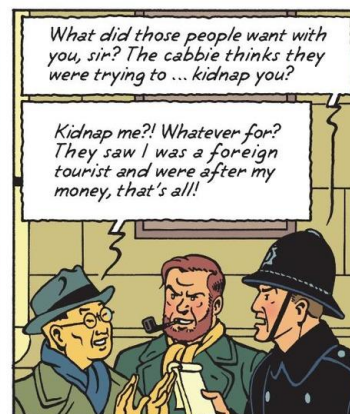
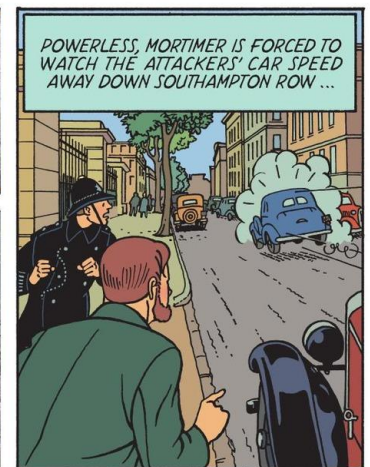
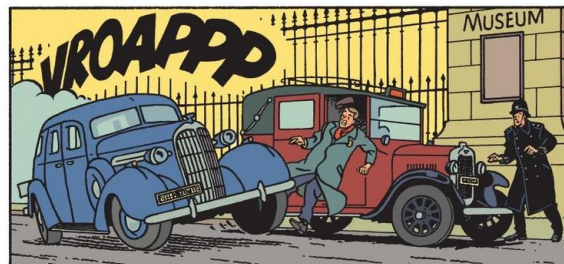
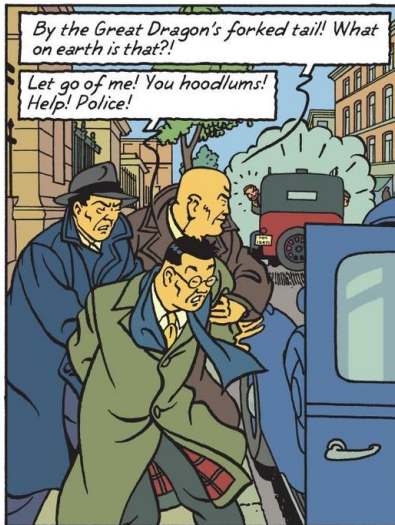


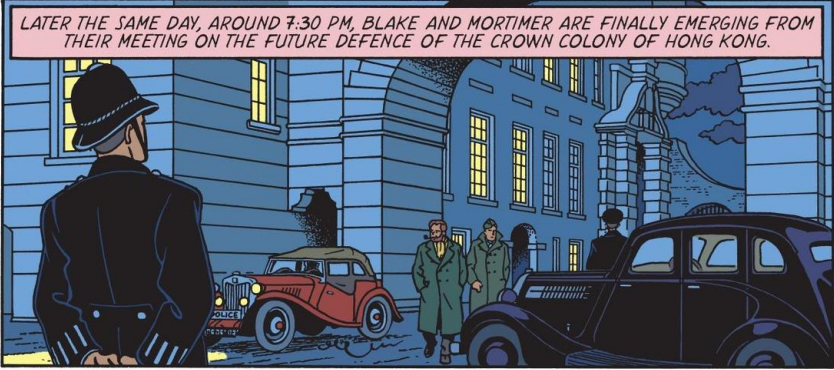












LATER THE SAME DAY, AROUND 7:30 PM, BLAKE AND MORTIMER ARE FINALLY EMERGING FROM THEIR MEETING ON THE FUTURE DEFENCE OF THE CROWN COLONY OF HONG KONG.



And now, old chap, tell me every detail about the adventures that made you late for our appointment.

MORTIMER DOESN'T NEED MUCH IN THE WAY OF CONVINCING, ESPECIALLY AS HIS FRIEND ALWAYS OFFERS EXCELLENT ADVICE. THE DRIVE FROM SCOTLAND YARD TO PARK LANE IS LONG ENOUGH TO RECOUNT THE EVENTS OF THE AFTERNOON.

... Now you know everything, Francis. I can't wait to meet up with Professor Tung and hear the rest of his story.

I have just enough time to change before dinner. Being put up by Mrs Benson when I stay in London is a godsend. It's so much more convenient than a hotel!!

You only have to say the word if you'd like to rent a room year round, you know. Our good Mrs Benson adores you.

HALF AN HOUR LATER, PROFESSOR MORTIMER HOPS INTO THE TAXI HE'S CALLED ...



... AND IS DROPPED OFF BEFORE THE SAVOY'S ENTRANCE.



WORRIED ABOUT KEEPING HIS HOST WAITING, MORTIMER HURRIES INSIDE, NOT NOTICING HIS FRIEND PROFESSOR SINGLETON ...



... NOR THE MEN WHO ATTACKED PROFESSOR TUNG.



Miss Lo! Look, that's the—
I see, Mr Mo. We're staying put. Here's Mr Ts'e, anyway.

Your report?

The director of University College joined Professor Tung in his room with a small bag and a cardboard folder. A few minutes later, they came out empty-handed. Professor Tung headed towards the dining room ...

... and the Englishman left. We just saw him.



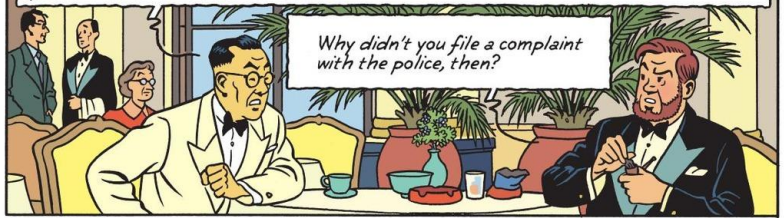
So Professor Tung has the pieces again, along with their analysis report. And if that red-bearded man arrived wearing a dinner jacket, it means Tung invited him to dinner. Therefore ... the object and the documents will be in his room all evening, unguarded. At last, good prospects. I will watch the dining room while you, Mr Ts'e, keep an eye on the entrance hall ... and Mr Mo goes to search the room. Get to it.



MEANWHILE, MORTIMER HAS JOINED PROFESSOR TUNG PAO AND CONFESSED HE DOESN'T BELIEVE HIS ATTACKERS WERE MERE THIEVES.



You're right, my friend. Those people wanted to steal the precious antiques I brought from China to have authenticated.



Why didn't you file a complaint with the police, then?

In my desire to be as discreet as possible, I entered the United Kingdom without declaring those pieces. Therefore, filing a complaint would be both pointless and ... delicate. You'll understand the situation better once you hear the rest of my story, though ...



I'm all ears, Professor.



AND WHILE PROFESSOR TUNG RESUMES HIS TALE, MR MO HEADS UPSTAIRS TOWARDS THE HOTEL'S ROOMS.



In view of the progress of the People's Liberation Army, then, it was becoming urgent to send those archaeological treasures to safety. They were shipped off to the island of Taiwan ...



... where they were stored in Beigou. During the process of moving the cargo, a crate fell. It contained a terracotta statuette from the Chin period, as well as another, curious object. The statuette's base had broken, and we discovered it contained a scroll: a text from the hand of one Shao – or more accurately, half a text.



Shao introduces himself as a historian and an advisor to Li Ssu, chancellor to the king of Ch'in, Ying Cheng. The very same who would become Emperor Shih-huang-ti after defeating his neighbours in a war that lasted from 230 to 221 BC. How had he managed to suddenly prevail? That remained a mystery to historians ...



Shao begins his story by recounting how, by the year 224 BC, the king of Ch'in had already defeated the kings of Han, Chao, Yen and Wei, but his realm was at risk of being crushed by its neighbours Ch'u and Ch'i, whose soldiers wore armour that was said to be invulnerable.

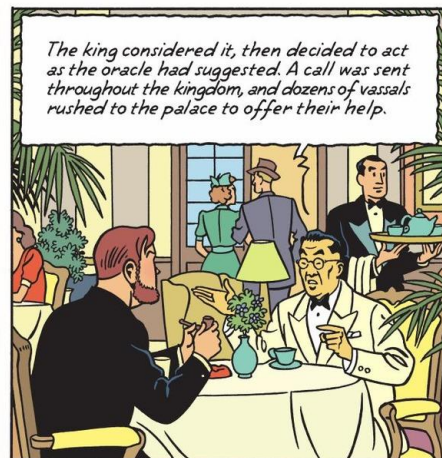
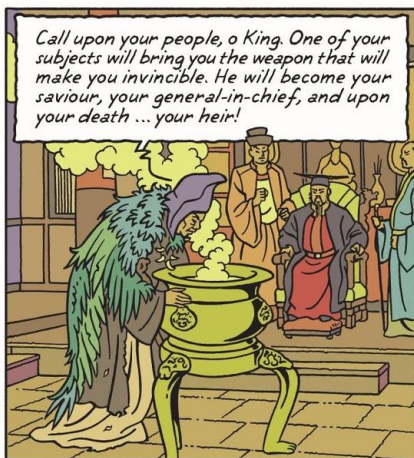


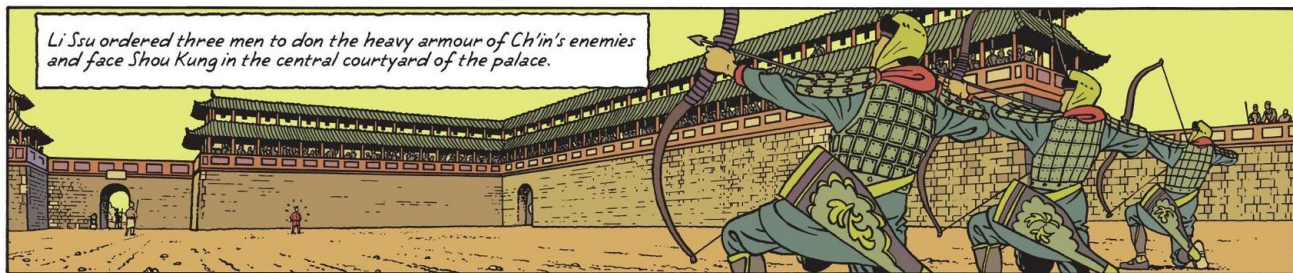
Shao adds that, at the time, he heard of an oracle – a sorceress called P'iao Chiu, over 150 years old, who could influence the future ...



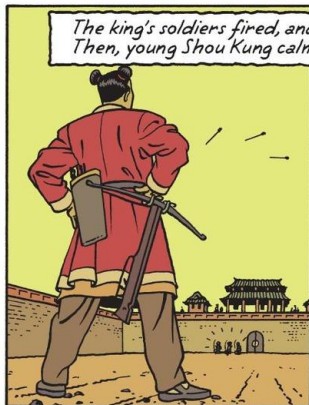
Did you say 150 years old?! This is no longer historical science!

But still very much China, Professor ...





Li Ssu ordered three men to don the heavy armour of Ch'in's enemies and face Shou Kung in the central courtyard of the palace.



The king's soldiers fired, and all were able to witness the lack of range and accuracy of their bows. Then, young Shou Kung calmly shouldered his strange weapon ...



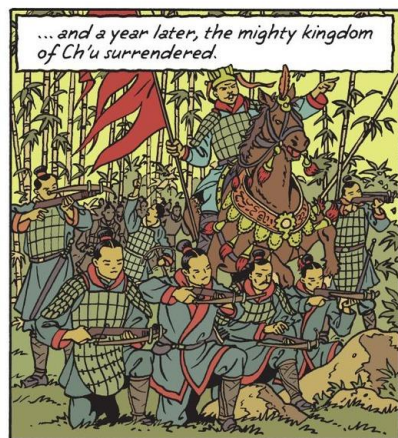
... and the result stunned the onlookers.



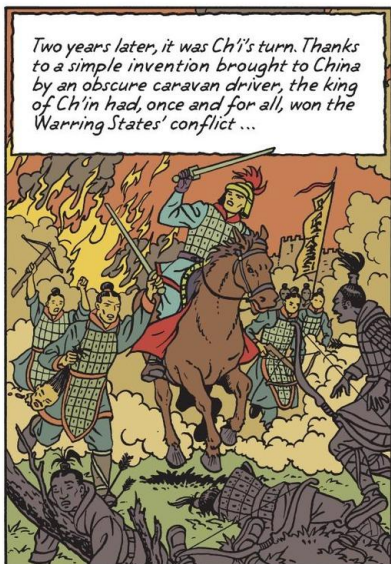
Shou Kung showed his crossbow to the court. He told how a Persian caravan driver, on what would become the Silk Road, had shown him the mechanism, and explained how he'd managed to improve the bolts' strength through a subtle alloy of tin and lead only he knew how to make.



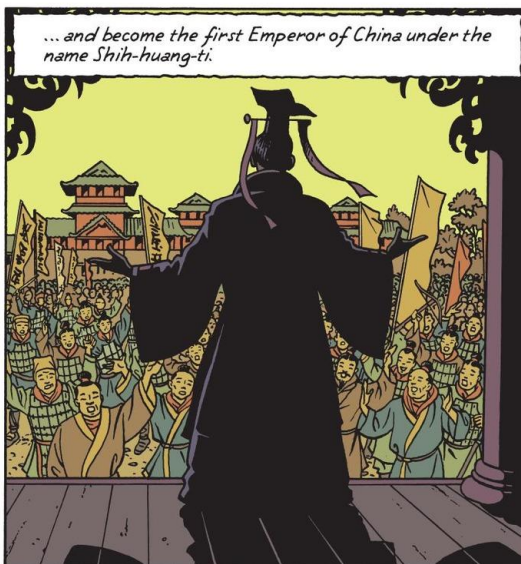
The young man offered to tell the king's armourers how to make those weapons and their deadly ammunition. The king named Shou Kung general-in-chief of his armies on the spot ...



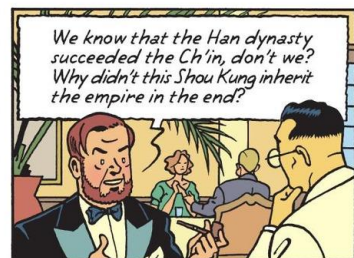
... and a year later, the mighty kingdom of Ch'u surrendered.



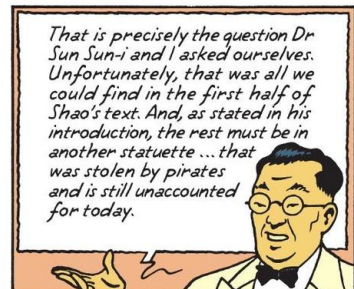
Two years later, it was Ch'i's turn. Thanks to a simple invention brought to China by an obscure caravan driver, the king of Ch'in had, once and for all, won the Warring States' conflict ...



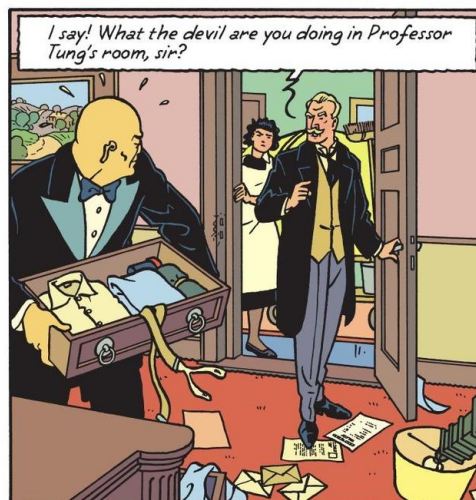
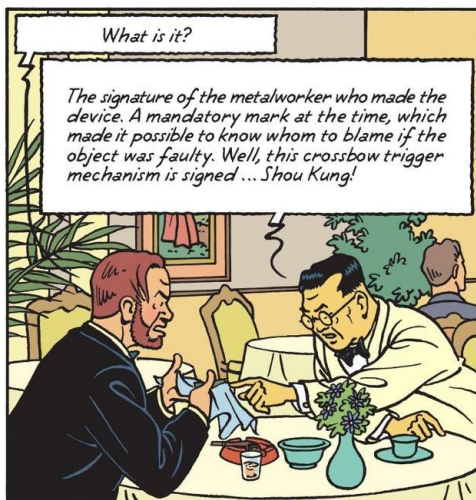
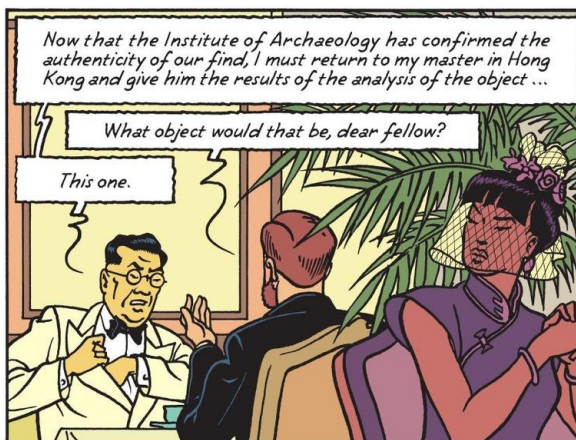
... and become the first Emperor of China under the name Shih-huang-ti.



We know that the Han dynasty succeeded the Ch'in, don't we? Why didn't this Shou Kung inherit the empire in the end?



That is precisely the question Dr Sun Sun-i and I asked ourselves. Unfortunately, that was all we could find in the first half of Shao's text. And, as stated in his introduction, the rest must be in another statuette ... that was stolen by pirates and is still unaccounted for today.





Dr Sun Sun-i ... felt he was being watched ... So many people would like to get their hands on the treasures of the Imperial Palace ...

Calm yourself, Professor. We'll let the police know. Nothing can happen to you now.

You don't know them ... I was to meet Dr Sun Sun-i in Hong Kong to review the situation with the Marine Police ... Since luck is sending you there, could you give him this object from me, along with ... these analysis results?

No one would search the famous inventor of the Swordfish ...

Of course. You can count on me. I'll be staying at the Peninsula Hotel.

Excellent ... Tomorrow I will inform my master by telegram of your coming. He'll contact you at the Peninsula ... You'll recognise him easily. He's well dressed and ... always wears half-moon spectacles ...

Now go, before the police arrive. They'll ask too many questions. I ... I'll return to China as soon as ...

Heavens! He's lost consciousness!

SEEING THE AUTHORITIES ARRIVE, MORTIMER RELUCTANTLY LEAVES PROFESSOR TUNG AND EXITS THE HOTEL DISCREETLY, TAKING WITH HIM THE OBJECTS LEFT IN HIS CARE.

What's going on?

Mr Mo failed. Tung gave the pieces to the redheaded Englishman. I checked ...

... He's a famous inventor. We must warn the general that this Mortimer is leaving for Hong Kong with the object and the documents. He'll be sure to arrange a welcoming committee for him ...

AT THAT INSTANT, ANOTHER TRAGEDY IS UNFOLDING SEVERAL THOUSAND MILES AWAY, ABOARD THE SHIP THAT'S TAKING DR SUN SUN-I AND HIS ASSISTANTS TO HONG KONG.

AS ON EVERY NIGHT SINCE THEY LEFT TAIWAN, THE CURATOR AWAITS HIS HEAD OF SECURITY'S LAST ROUND.

KNOCK KNOCK

Ah! You're a tad late tonight, Miss T'i ...

I was about to go to— Oh! What on earth?! Is this some joke?

Sorry, Doctor. It's anything but a joke!

OW

TWO DAYS AND MANY STOPOVERS LATER, A CANADAIR C4 ARGONAUT BEGINS ITS APPROACH TO KAI TAK AIRPORT IN KOWLOON, NORTH OF THE ISLAND OF HONG KONG.



INSIDE, PROFESSOR MORTIMER IS EAGER TO DISCOVER THE SHINING BRITISH COLONY THAT, FOR OVER A CENTURY, HAS BEEN THE PRIDE OF THE EMPIRE IN EAST ASIA.



NEVER SUSPECTING THAT HE'S BEING WATCHED, THE SCIENTIST LOOKS FOR THE POLICE OFFICER CAPTAIN BLAKE HAS PROMISED WILL BE THERE TO GREET HIM.



Professor Mortimer? I'm Chief Inspector Flagstaff of the Marine Police. Welcome to Hong Kong, sir.

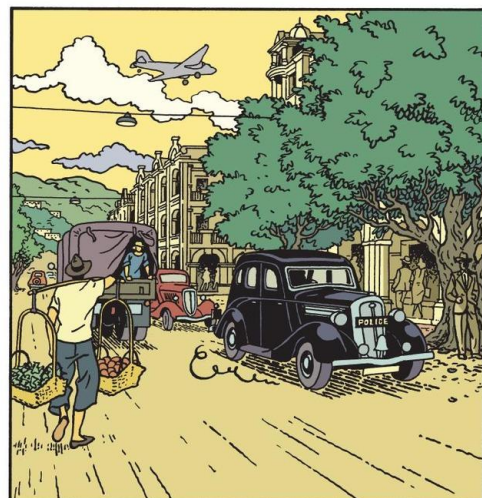
Oh, so you're my guide, then? It's a pleasure, Chief Inspector!

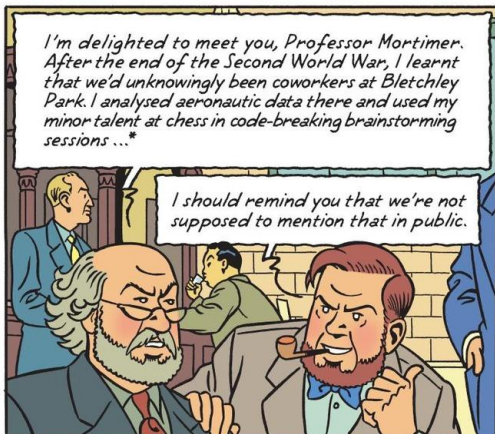


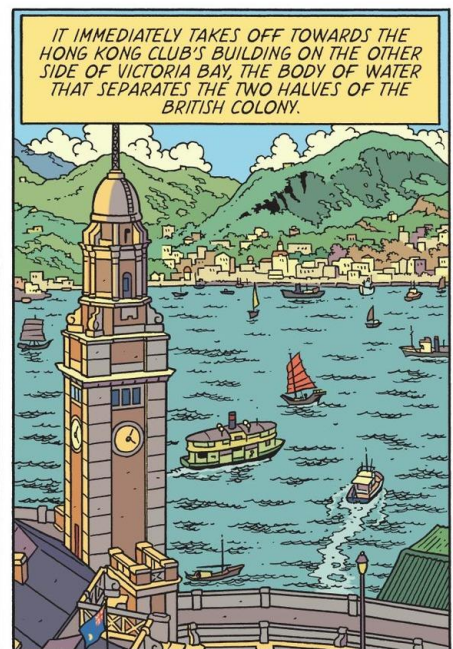
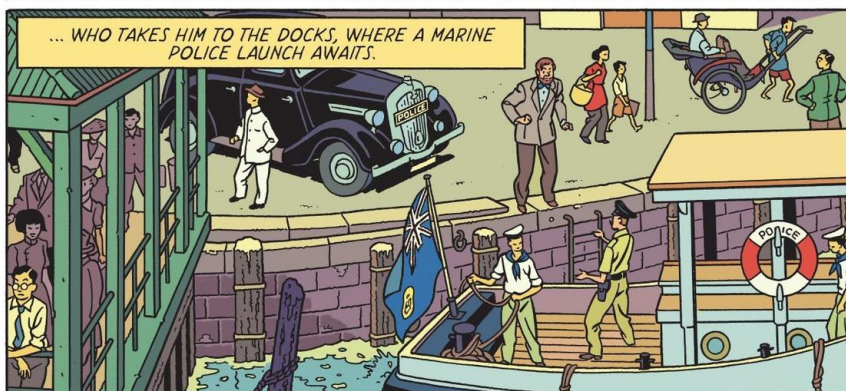
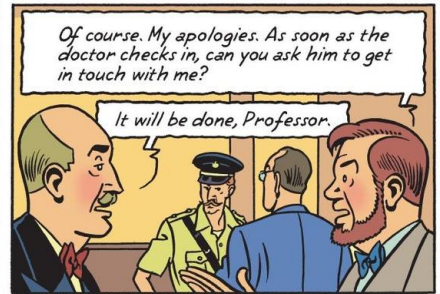
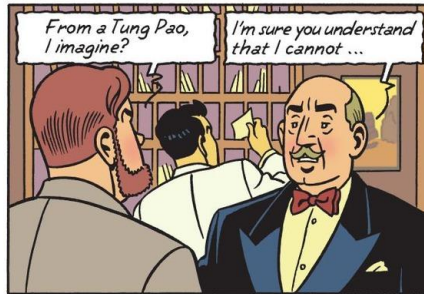
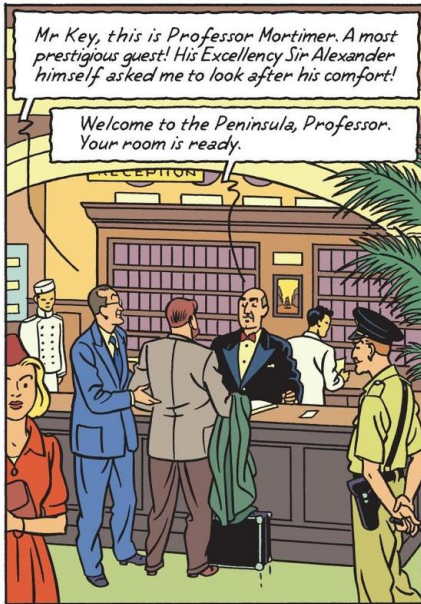
AS HE FOLLOWS THE OFFICER TO HIS CAR, MORTIMER QUICKLY GATHERS THAT FLAGSTAFF IS RATHER UNHAPPY WITH THE ROLE OF CHAPERONE HE'S BEEN GIVEN.

We're in Kowloon here, so Hong Kong is across the bay?

That's right, Professor. My mission is to take you to your hotel. I'm sure you'll find far better guides than I there.







OVER THE WATERS OF VICTORIA HARBOUR, MORTIMER DRINKS IN THE BEAUTY OF THE SCENERY, LETTING THE INTOXICATING SMELLS OF ASIA COME AT HIM FROM ALL SIDES.

What a wonderful place! Though I imagine you no longer see the view the same way as those who discover it for the first time, Chief Inspector.

You're wrong. I fell in love with this place the moment I got here, three years ago. I've been discovering its many facets ever since then. My passion for Hong Kong and China only grows every day.

Yet you seem rather ... worried. Have I said something that displeased you?

I must confess this guide duty is not to my liking. But I know this is not your fault. Forgive me if I've seemed distant. There are so many urgent matters waiting for me ...

You see, Hong Kong isn't just the 'commercial jewel' of the Empire Mr Fully described. This city is also a major hub for global smuggling, surrounded by a Chinese sea over which my police have no jurisdiction.

Then, there's the massive influx of refugees fleeing from the civil war that rages on the continent. And this mess only gets worse with every typhoon that passes through ...

Goodness. You're painting a picture that's quite different from Mr Fuller's postcard, indeed.

Don't think I don't love Hong Kong anyway. It's just that I'm learning to love it for what it really is. Politicians like to describe the world as they'd like it to be ...

Don't worry, Chief Inspector. As soon as my feet are on dry land again, I won't be bothering you any more. I'm used to fending for myself. I just hope I'll have a chance to see the real Hong Kong you've described.

ON THE CHIEF INSPECTOR'S ORDERS, THE POLICE LAUNCH CHANGES COURSE TOWARDS A PECULIAR Huddle OF BOATS OF ALL SIZES THAT FORM A SORT OF FLOATING VILLAGE.

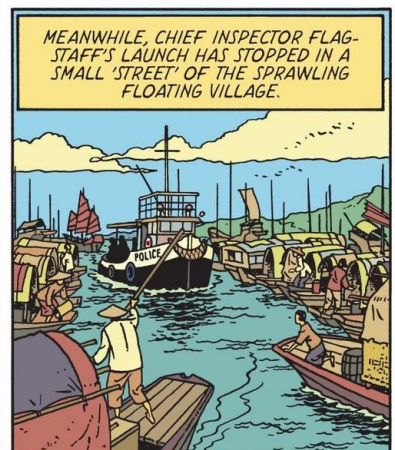
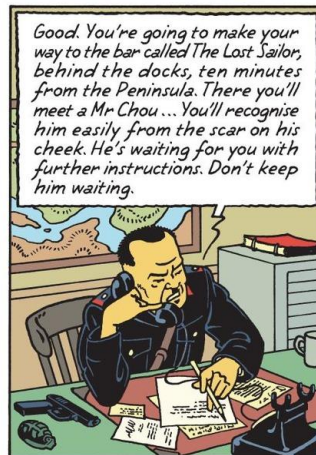
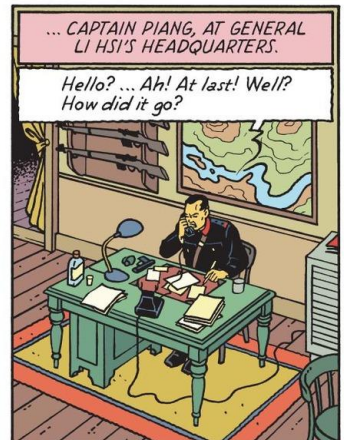
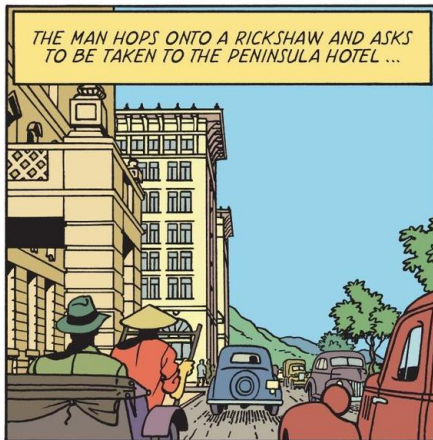
In that case, Professor, I'd like to take advantage of this crossing to bring you somewhere no one else ever would.

Gladly.

IN DOING SO, IT PASSES A SHIP COMING FROM TAIWAN ...

... THAT IS ABOUT TO RELEASE ITS CROWD OF PASSENGERS ONTO THE DOCKS OF KOWLOON.

AMONG THOSE, A DIMINUTIVE MAN SEEMS IN A DISTINCT HURRY TO GET ASHORE.

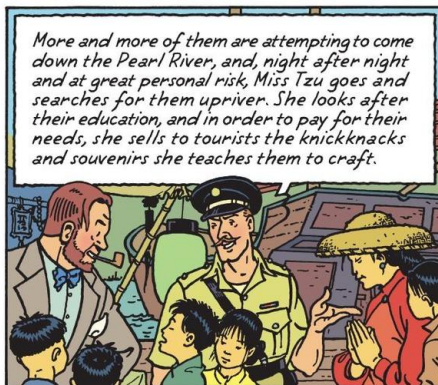




Professor Mortimer, may I introduce Miss Tzu? She takes in orphans fleeing the civil war in mainland China. They've been arriving by the thousands ...

Welcome to our humble refuge, Professor.

A pleasure, Miss Tzu.



More and more of them are attempting to come down the Pearl River, and, night after night and at great personal risk, Miss Tzu goes and searches for them upriver. She looks after their education, and in order to pay for their needs, she sells to tourists the knickknacks and souvenirs she teaches them to craft.



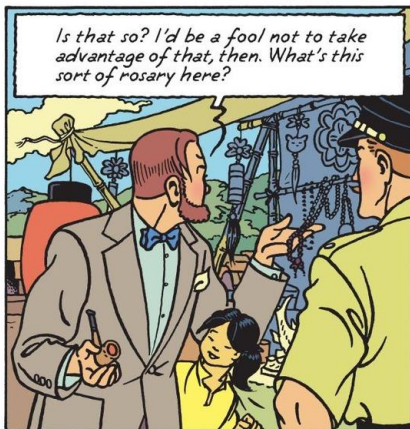
Speaking of which, Tzu, I need a small Buddha statue to give to a friend.

Right away, Chief Inspector. Thank you very much.

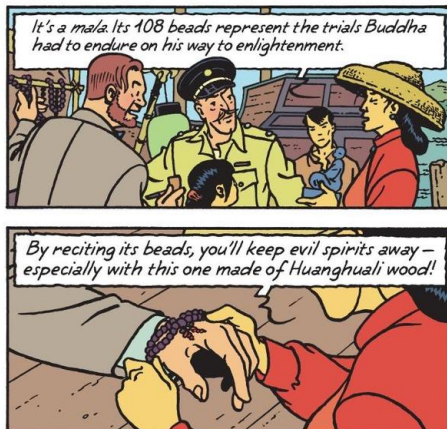


You're a good man, Chief Inspector.

Oh, I'm also doing this in my own interest. Every orphan Miss Tzu takes in hand today is one less delinquent I'll have to chase later ... Besides ... Did you know that every object purchased here brings luck to its buyer?



Is that so? I'd be a fool not to take advantage of that, then. What's this sort of rosary here?

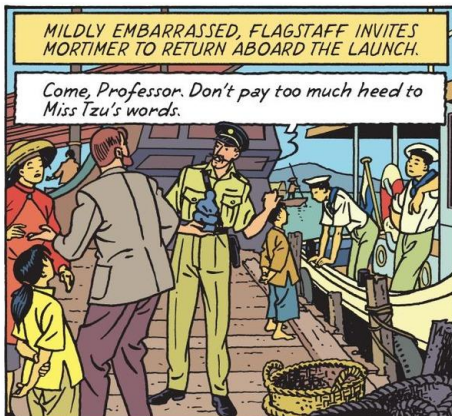


It's a mala. Its 108 beads represent the trials Buddha had to endure on his way to enlightenment.

By reciting its beads, you'll keep evil spirits away – especially with this one made of Huanghual wood!



Oh! I see terrible dangers in your future, noble stranger. Death will strike ... You will be taken to another world! As long as you are in China, keep this mala around your wrist. It will protect you!



MILDLY EMBARRASSED, FLAGSTAFF INVITES MORTIMER TO RETURN ABOARD THE LAUNCH.

Come, Professor. Don't pay too much heed to Miss Tzu's words.

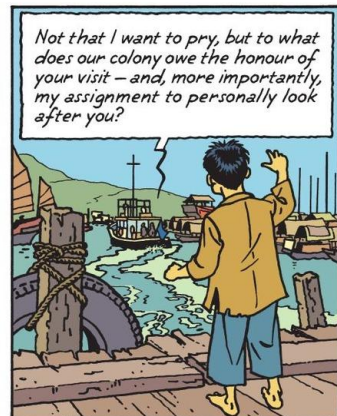


She's also a wei, a kind of fortune-teller ...

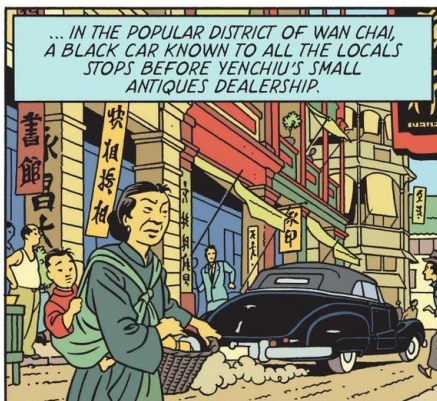
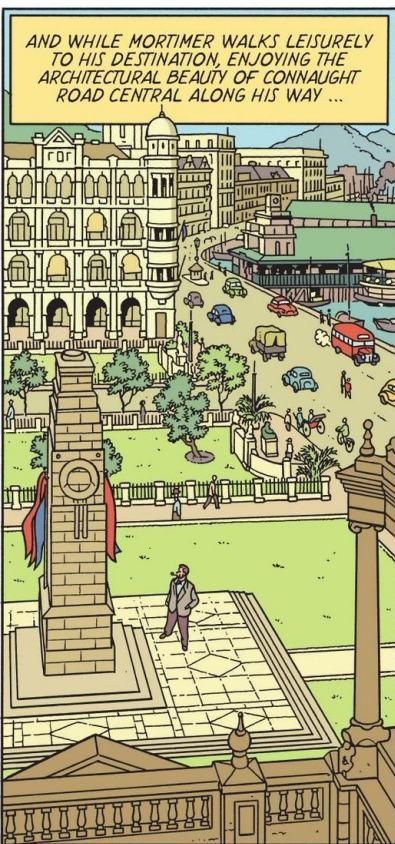
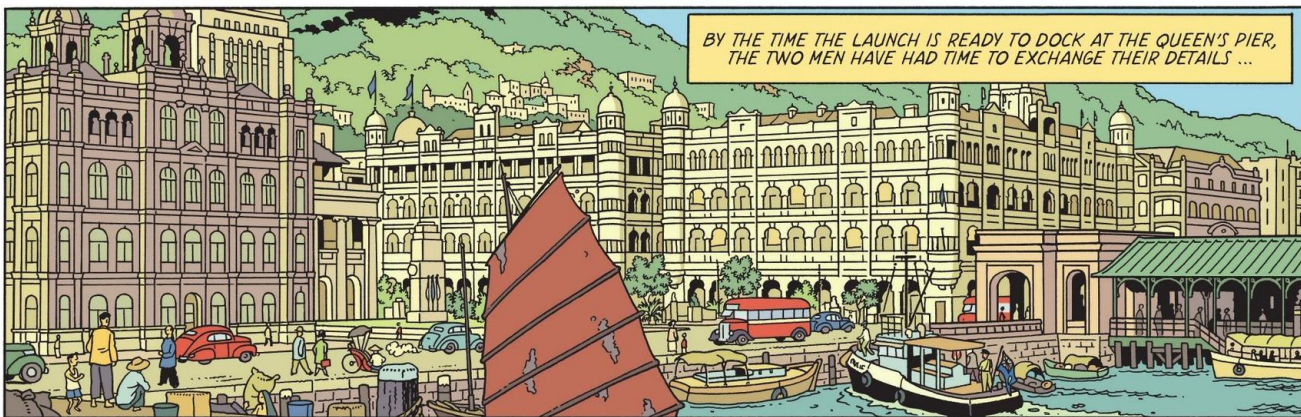
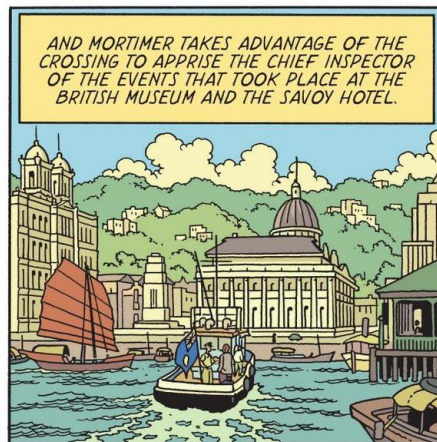
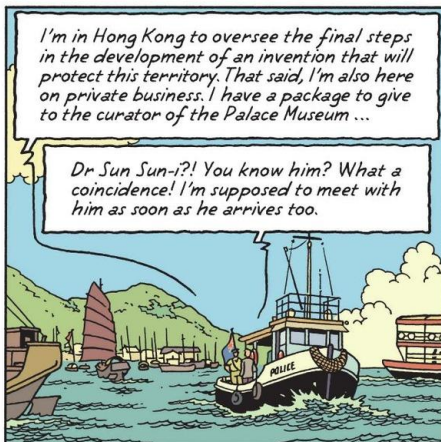


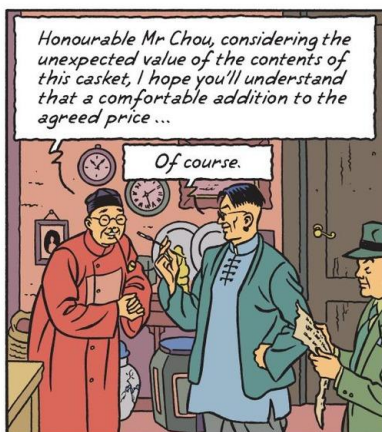
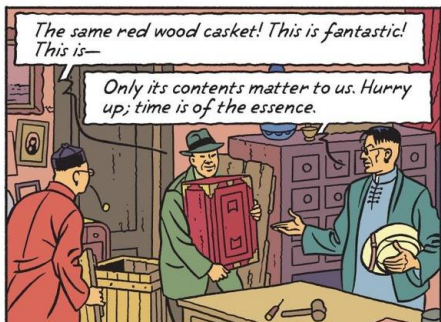
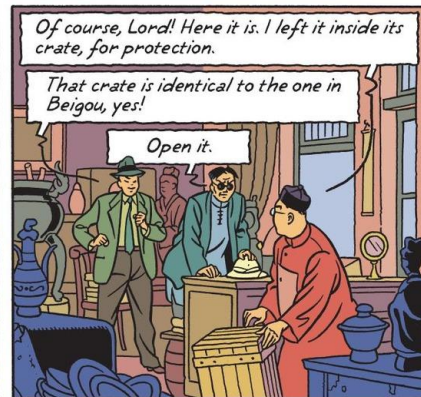
... like there are so many of in Asia ... Anyway, it's time to get to Hong Kong.

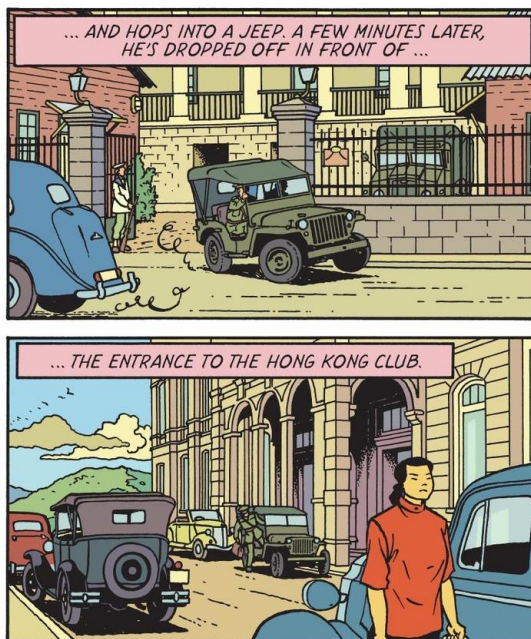
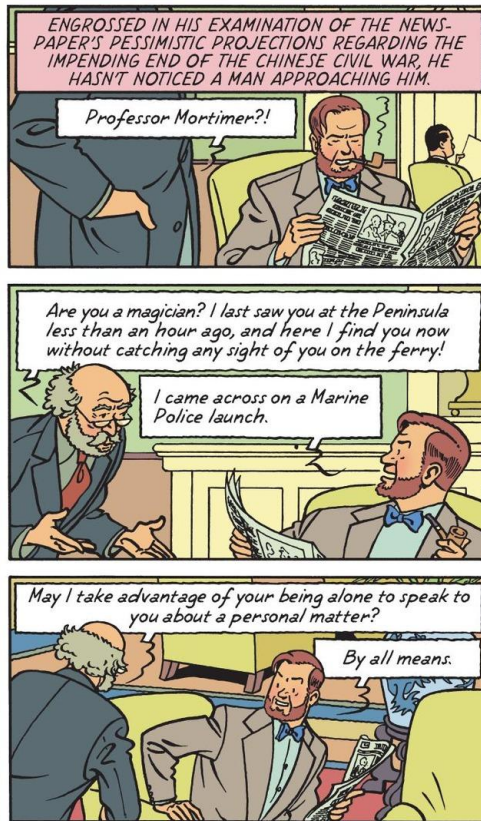
I'm coming, Chief Inspector.

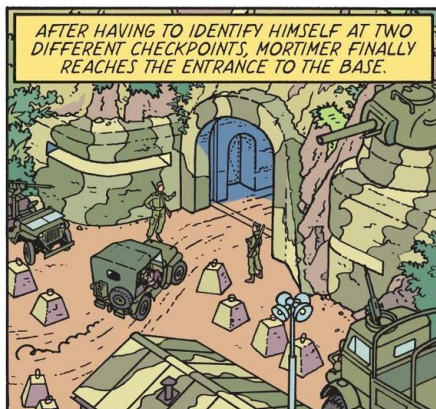
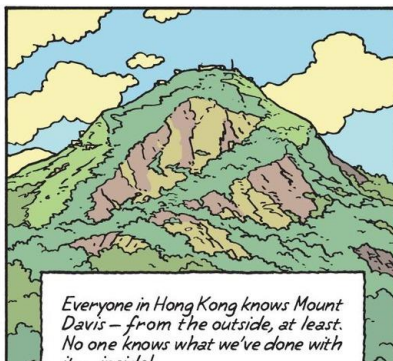
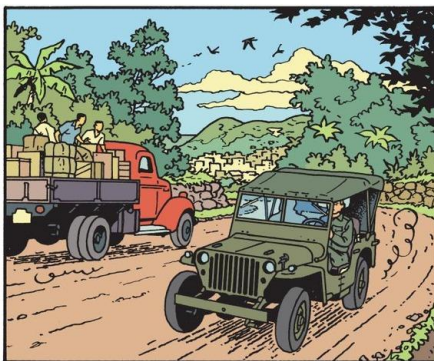
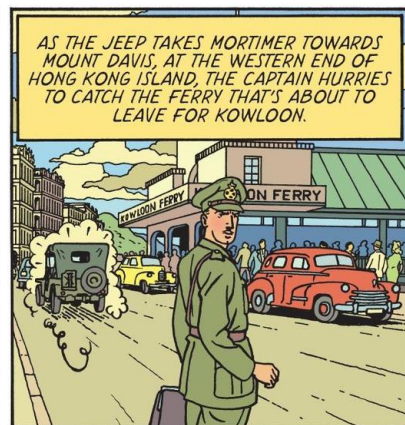


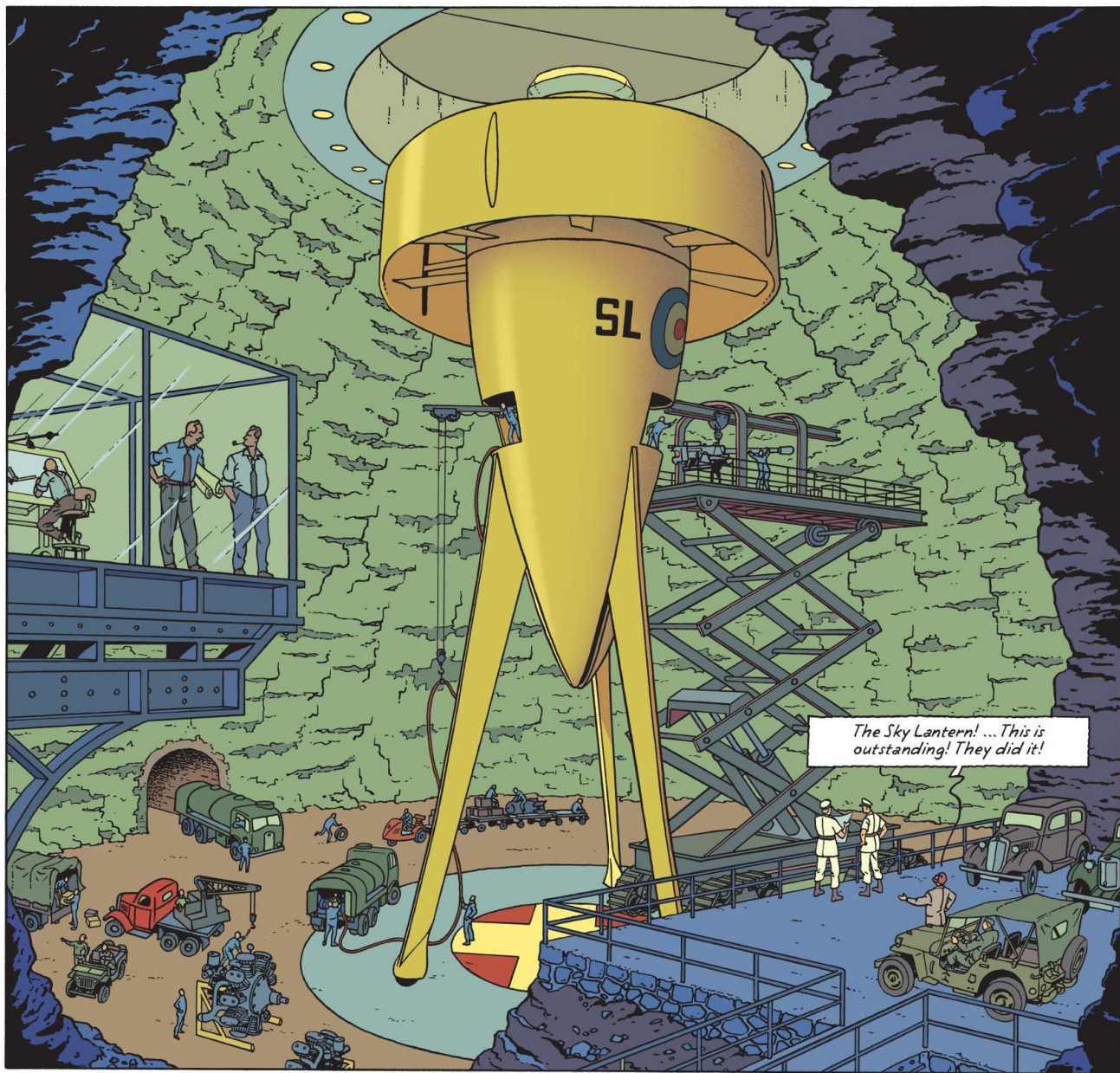
Not that I want to pry, but to what does our colony owe the honour of your visit – and, more importantly, my assignment to personally look after you?

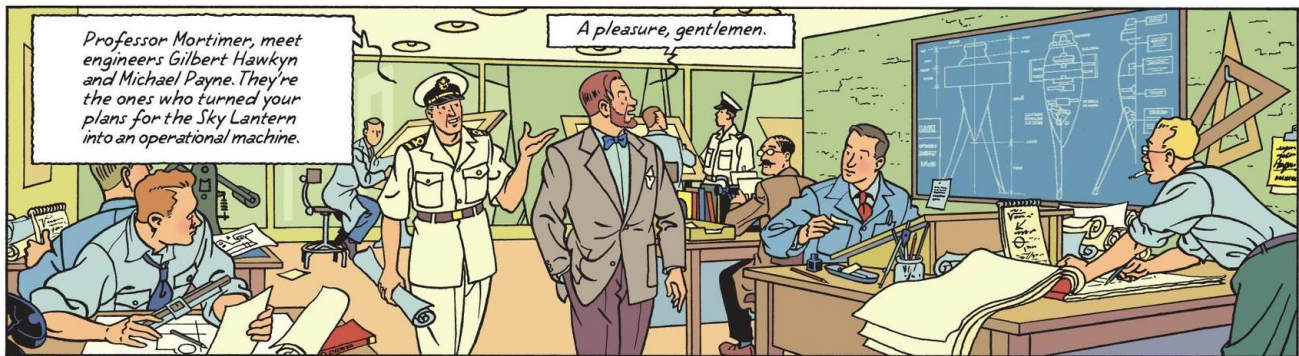












Professor Mortimer, meet engineers Gilbert Hawkyn and Michael Payne. They're the ones who turned your plans for the Sky Lantern into an operational machine.

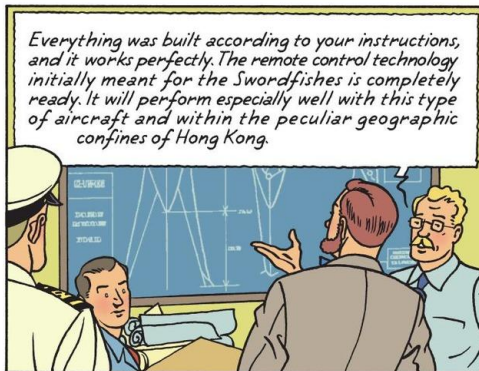
A pleasure, gentlemen.



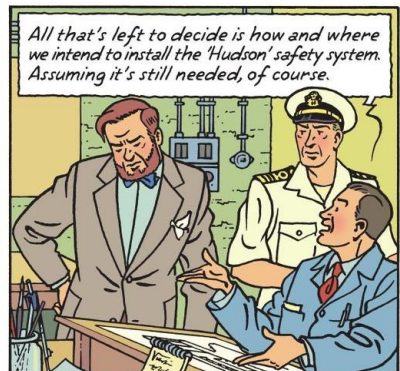
Pleased to meet you, Professor.

Delighted.

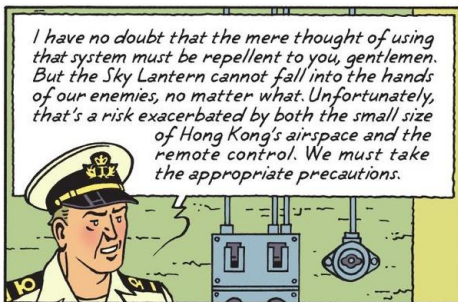
Gentlemen, congratulations! I am extremely impressed by the progress of the construction, and I can't wait to hear your opinions on what needs improving.



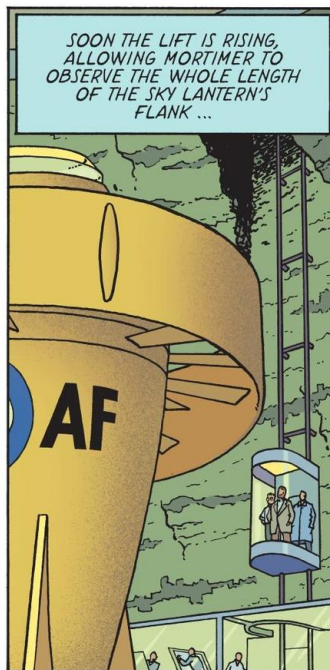
Everything was built according to your instructions, and it works perfectly. The remote control technology initially meant for the Swordfishes is completely ready. It will perform especially well with this type of aircraft and within the peculiar geographic confines of Hong Kong.



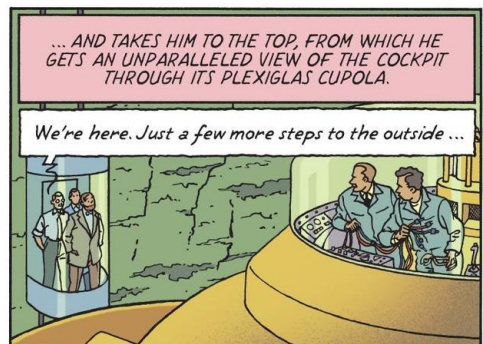
All that's left to decide is how and where we intend to install the 'Hudson' safety system. Assuming it's still needed, of course.



I have no doubt that the mere thought of using that system must be repellent to you, gentlemen. But the Sky Lantern cannot fall into the hands of our enemies, no matter what. Unfortunately, that's a risk exacerbated by both the small size of Hong Kong's airspace and the remote control. We must take the appropriate precautions.

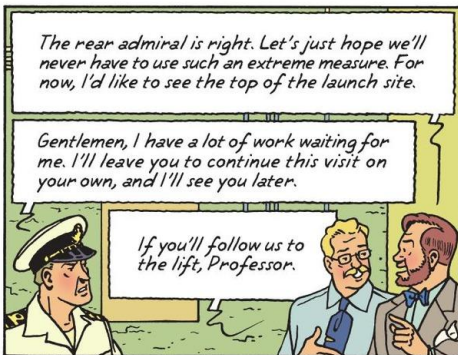


SOON THE LIFT IS RISING, ALLOWING MORTIMER TO OBSERVE THE WHOLE LENGTH OF THE SKY LANTERN'S FLANK ...



... AND TAKES HIM TO THE TOP, FROM WHICH HE GETS AN UNPARALLELED VIEW OF THE COCKPIT THROUGH ITS PLEXIGLAS CUPOLA.

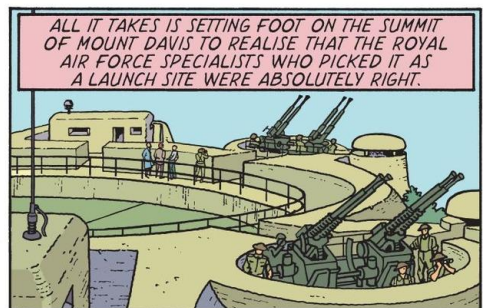
We're here. Just a few more steps to the outside ...



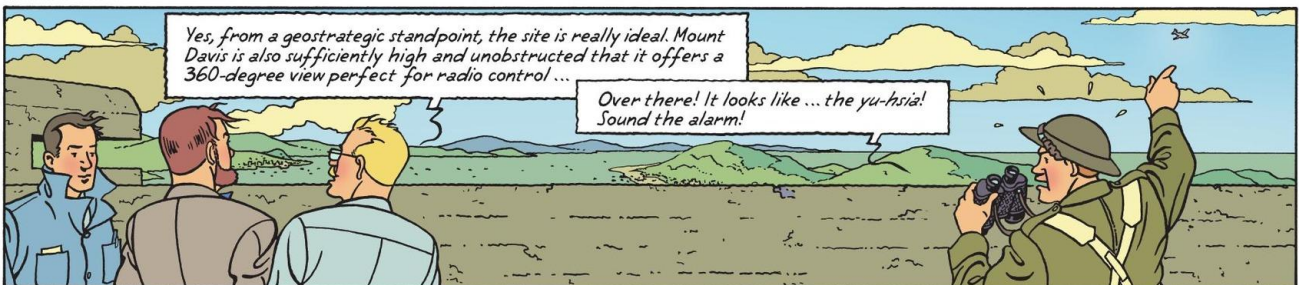
The rear admiral is right. Let's just hope we'll never have to use such an extreme measure. For now, I'd like to see the top of the launch site.

Gentlemen, I have a lot of work waiting for me. I'll leave you to continue this visit on your own, and I'll see you later.

If you'll follow us to the lift, Professor.



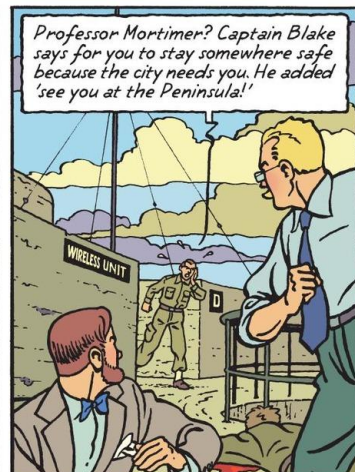
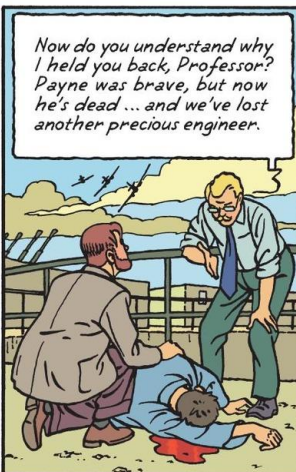
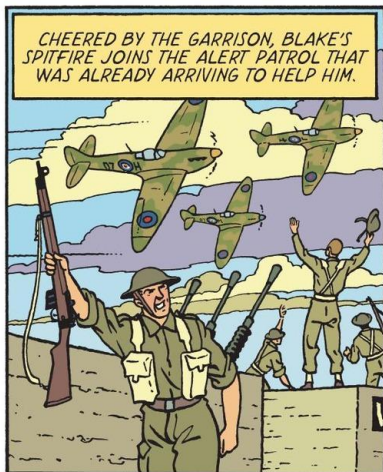
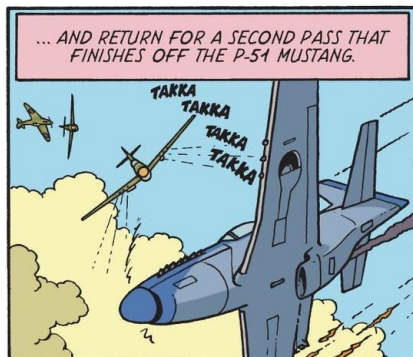
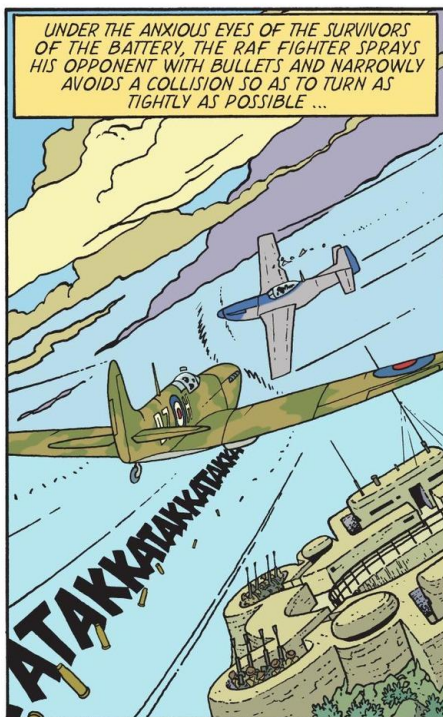
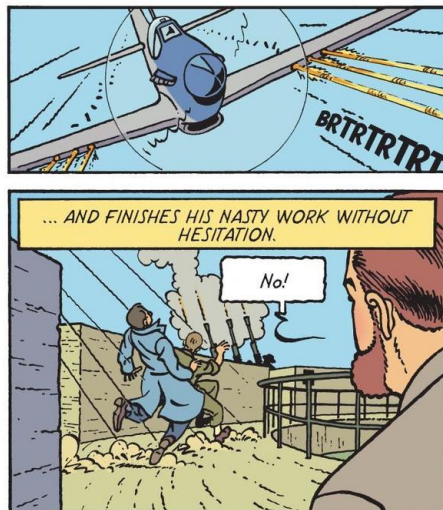
ALL IT TAKES IS SETTING FOOT ON THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT DAVIS TO REALISE THAT THE ROYAL AIR FORCE SPECIALISTS WHO PICKED IT AS A LAUNCH SITE WERE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT.

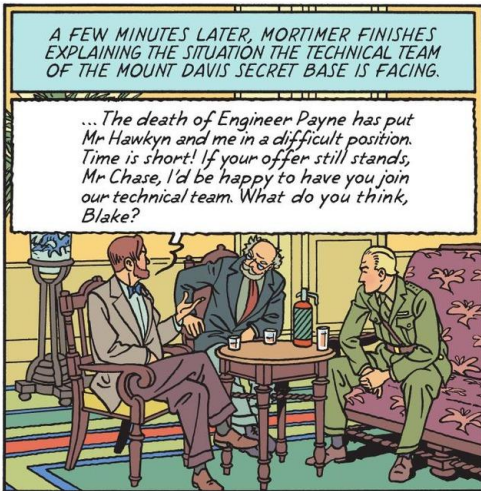
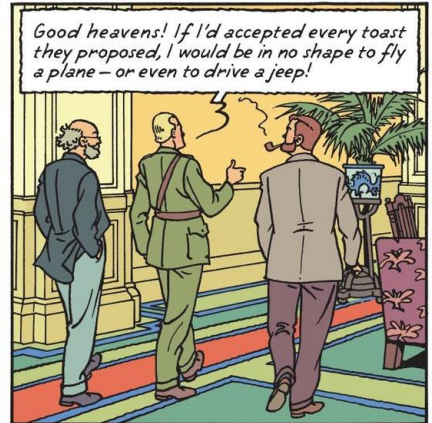
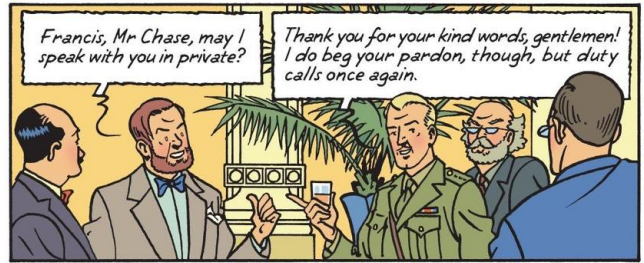


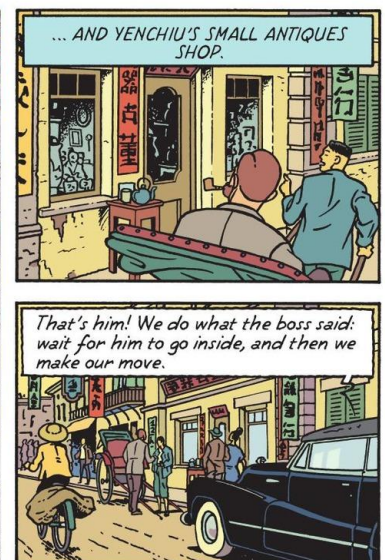
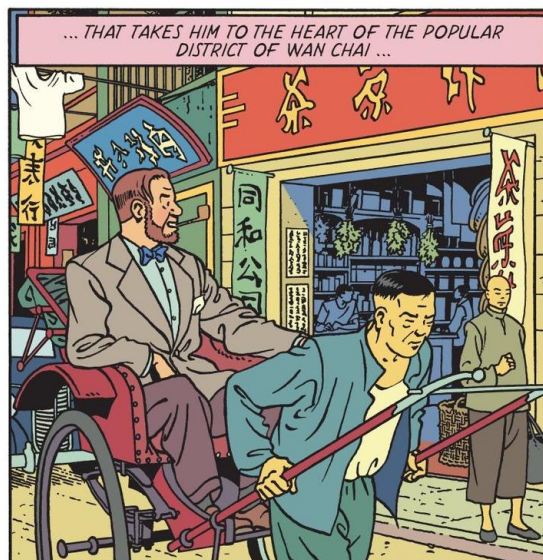
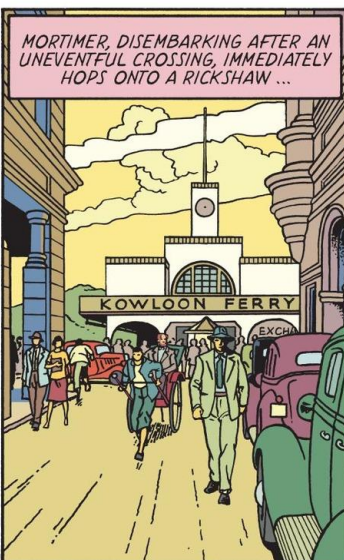
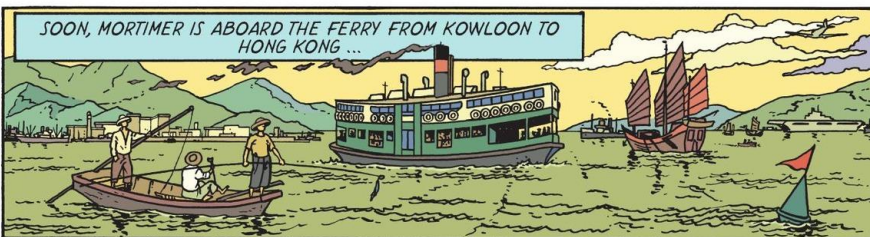
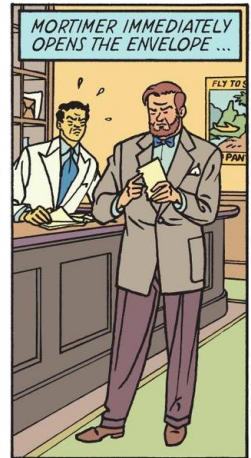
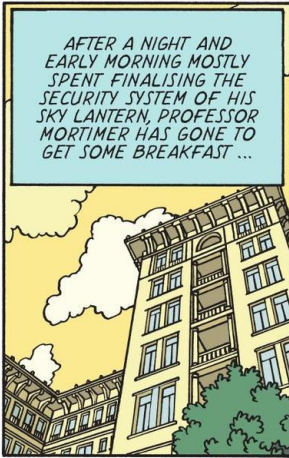
Yes, from a geostrategic standpoint, the site is really ideal. Mount Davis is also sufficiently high and unobstructed that it offers a 360-degree view perfect for radio control ...

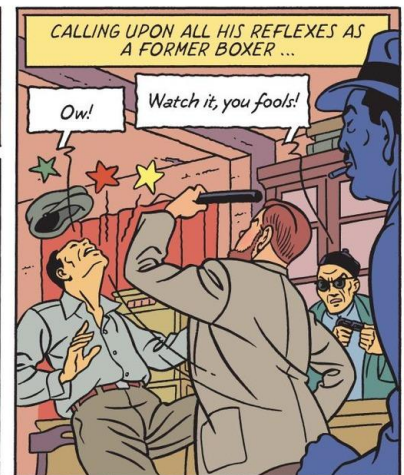
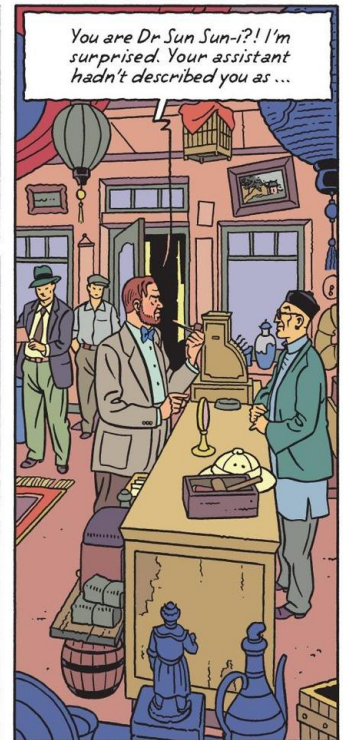
Over there! It looks like ... the yu-hsia! Sound the alarm!





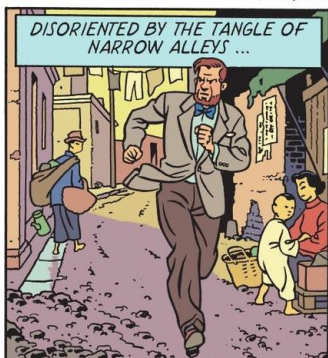








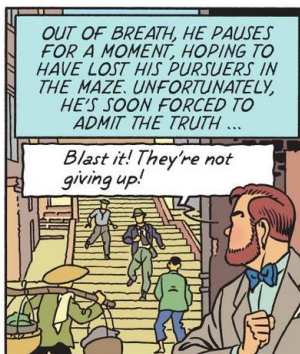
You pathetic worms! What are you waiting for?! After him! I'll cut him off with the car.



DISORIENTED BY THE TANGLE OF NARROW ALLEYS ...



... MORTIMER CONTINUES HIS FRANTIC FLIGHT, REASONING THAT DOWNWARD SLOPES SHOULD TAKE HIM TO THE DOCKS, WHERE HE'LL BE ABLE TO GET HIS BEARINGS.



OUT OF BREATH, HE PAUSES FOR A MOMENT, HOPING TO HAVE LOST HIS PURSUERS IN THE MAZE. UNFORTUNATELY, HE'S SOON FORCED TO ADMIT THE TRUTH ...

Blast it! They're not giving up!



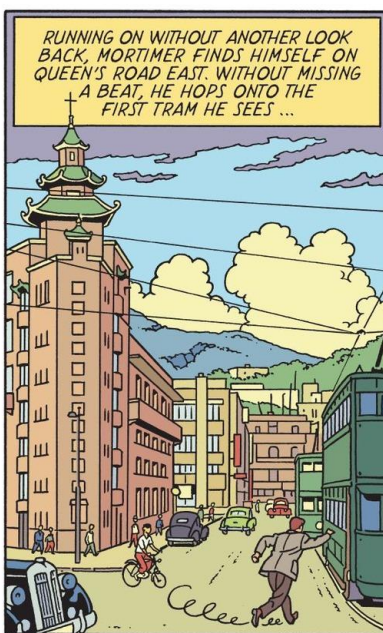
IMMEDIATELY HE RESUMES HIS RACE ...



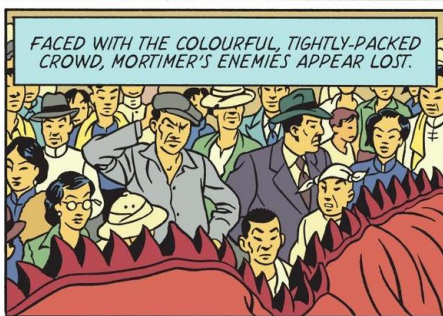
... WHICH SOON TAKES HIM TO A COVERED MARKET.



RUNNING ON WITHOUT ANOTHER LOOK BACK, MORTIMER FINDS HIMSELF ON QUEEN'S ROAD EAST. WITHOUT MISSING A BEAT, HE HOPS ONTO THE FIRST TRAM HE SEES ...



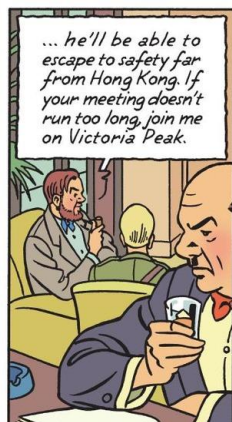
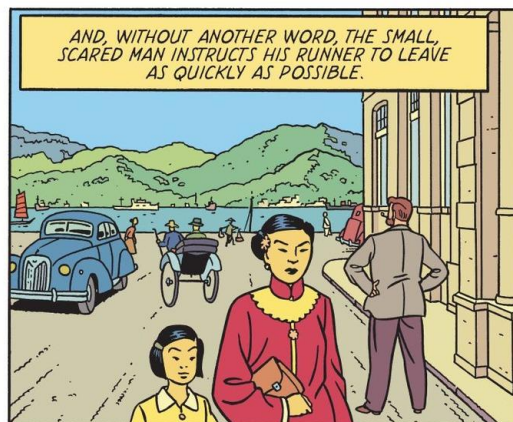
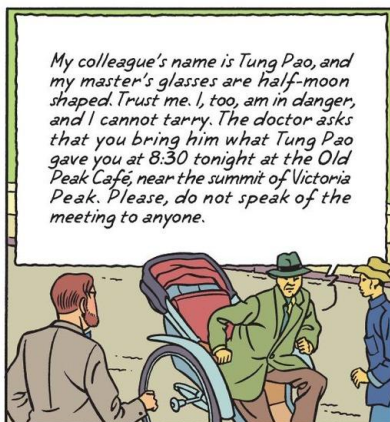
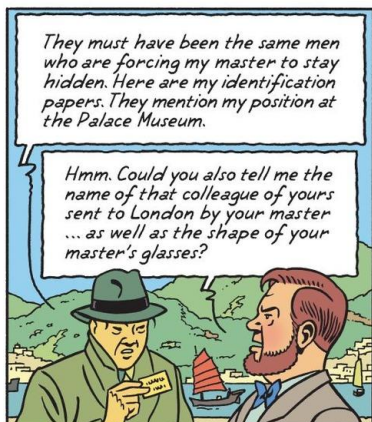
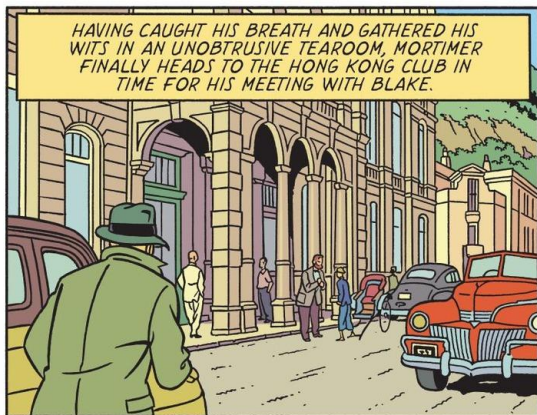
Safe for now ... Let's think ... The best thing I can do is to find a quiet spot to hide in for a few hours ... until I meet Blake.

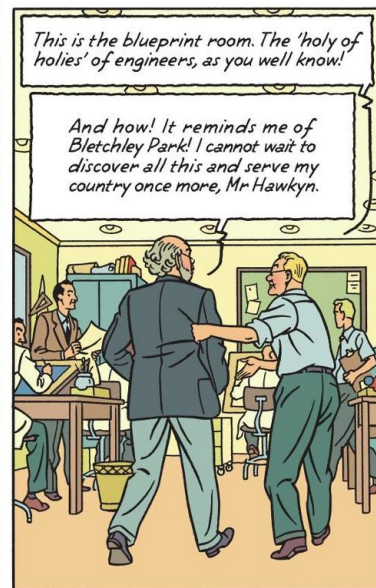
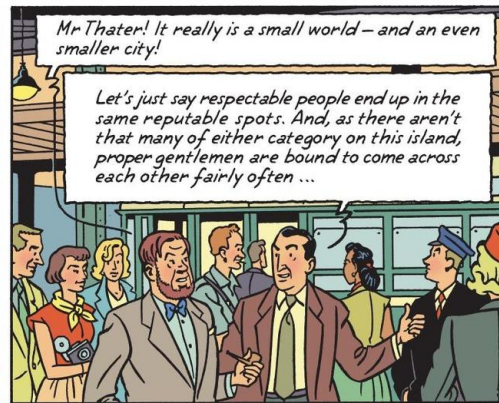
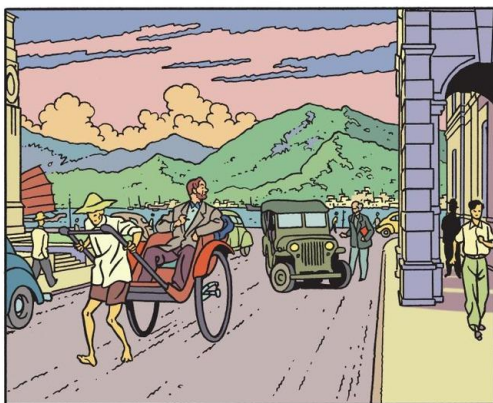
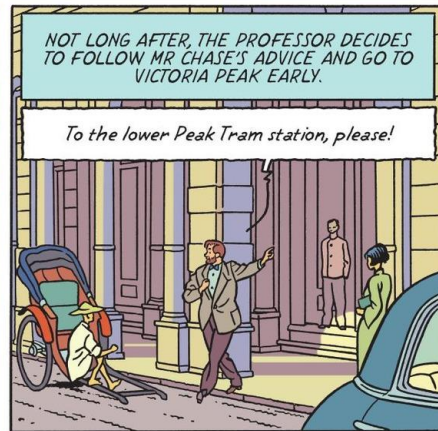
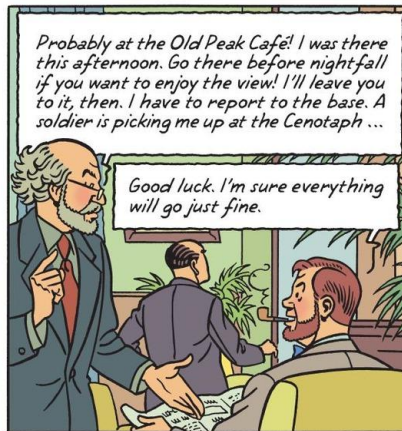


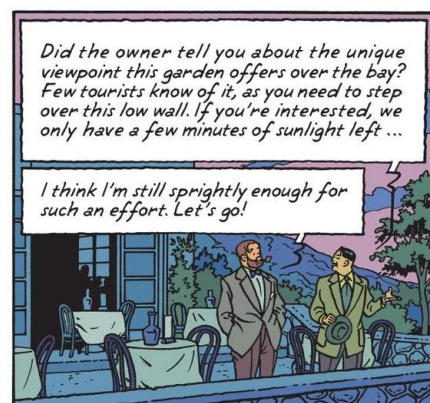
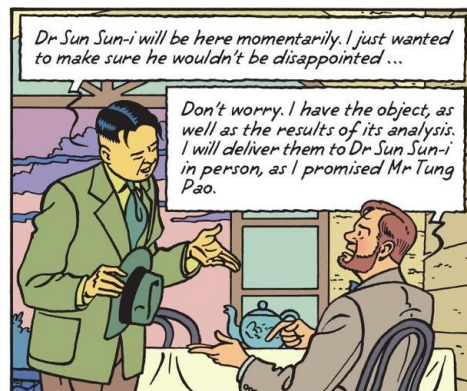
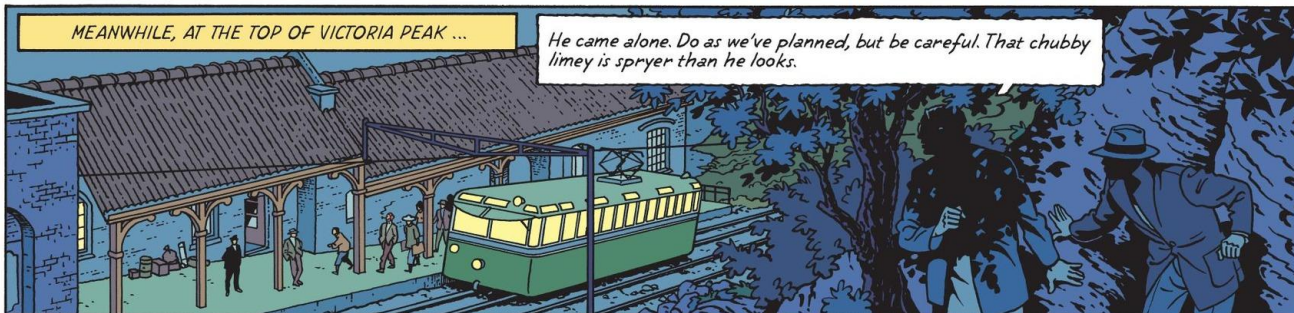
FACED WITH THE COLOURFUL, TIGHTLY-PACKED CROWD, MORTIMER'S ENEMIES APPEAR LOST.



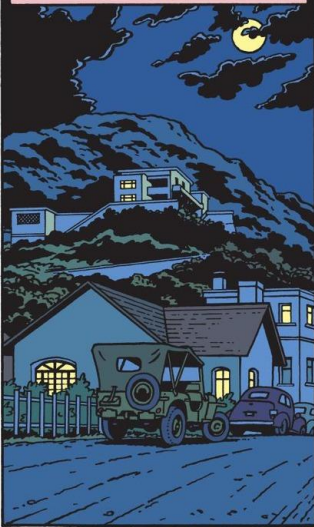
A telephone! Quickly!







AT FIVE PAST NINE, IT'S BLAKE'S TURN TO ARRIVE AT THE OLD PEAK CAFE.



AN UPSET OWNER EXPLAINS THAT THE TWO MEN HE'S LOOKING FOR HAVE LEFT THROUGH THE TERRACE WITHOUT PAYING.



INTRIGUED, THE CAPTAIN PAYS THE BILL AND BORROWS A TORCH FROM THE MAN ...



... BEFORE HURRYING INTO THE SMALL GROVE THAT BORDERS THE CAFE'S TERRACE.



INCREASINGLY CONCERNED, BLAKE BEGINS CALLING OUT TO HIS FRIEND.

Philip! Are you there, old chap?

It's me, Francis!



By Saint George! His pipe!



It's still warm ...



And this freshly crushed grass ... Someone's kidnapped Mortimer!



IN A SECOND, THE CAPTAIN'S INSTINCT HAS TOLD HIM WHAT TO DO: CONTACT CHIEF INSPECTOR FLAGSTAFF AS SOON AS POSSIBLE AND HAVE EVERY BORDER OF THE COLONY CONTROLLED.



BLAKE HAS NO IDEA, HOWEVER, THAT HIS FRIEND'S KIDNAPPERS HAVE ALREADY REACHED KOWLOON HARBOUR. IN A DESERTED NEIGHBOURHOOD A FEW HUNDRED YARDS FROM THE PENINSULA HOTEL ...



... Don't worry. I chloroformed him for good measure.

Perfect. The professor and the two caskets will spend the night in the boot of my car. Early tomorrow, thanks to my new military pass, I'll cross Kowloon's northern border easily.

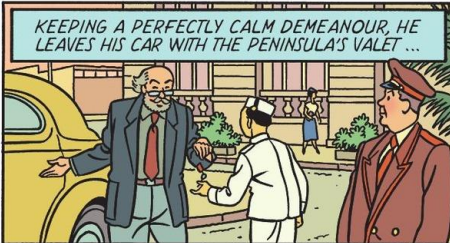


See you tomorrow at dawn, where we agreed.

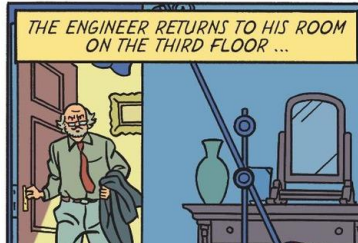




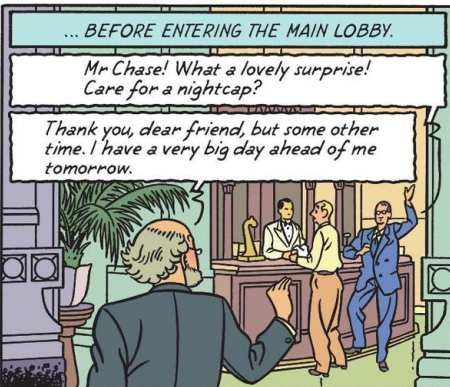
THE MYSTERIOUS MR CHASE STARTS THE CAR AND TURNS ONTO THE SEAFRONT ROAD BY THE CONTINENTAL TRAIN STATION ...



KEEPING A PERFECTLY CALM DEMEANOUR, HE LEAVES HIS CAR WITH THE PENINSULA'S VALET ...



THE ENGINEER RETURNS TO HIS ROOM ON THE THIRD FLOOR ...



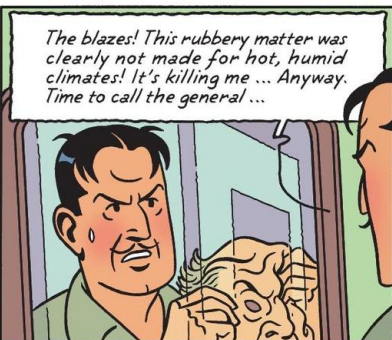
... BEFORE ENTERING THE MAIN LOBBY.

Mr Chase! What a lovely surprise! Care for a nightcap?

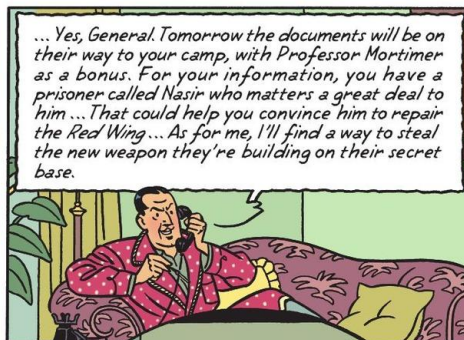
Thank you, dear friend, but some other time. I have a very big day ahead of me tomorrow.



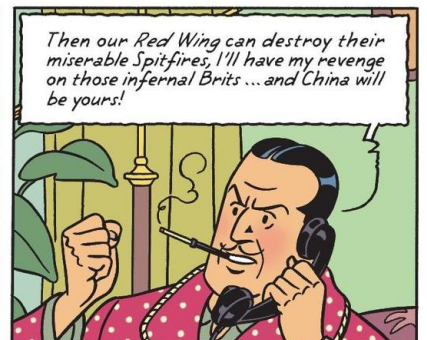
... AND STARTS PERFORMING STRANGE CONTORTIONS.



The blazes! This rubbery matter was clearly not made for hot, humid climates! It's killing me ... Anyway. Time to call the general ...



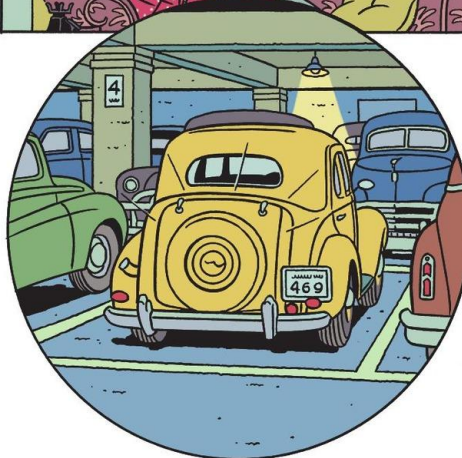
... Yes, General. Tomorrow the documents will be on their way to your camp, with Professor Mortimer as a bonus. For your information, you have a prisoner called Nasir who matters a great deal to him ... That could help you convince him to repair the Red Wing ... As for me, I'll find a way to steal the new weapon they're building on their secret base.



Then our Red Wing can destroy their miserable Spitfires, I'll have my revenge on those infernal Brits ... and China will be yours!

WILL BLAKE BE ABLE TO FIND HIS FRIEND AND SAVE HIM FROM GENERAL LI HSI?

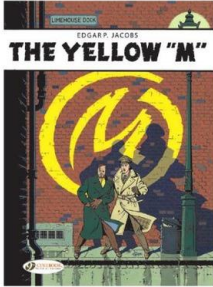
WILL OUR HEROES SAVE THE HONG KONG COLONY FROM THE TERRIBLE THREAT LOOMING OVER IT?



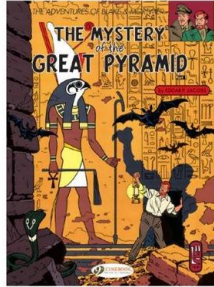
YOU WILL FIND OUT, DEAR FRIENDS, BY READING THE SECOND PART OF THIS ADVENTURE: 'THE THOUSANDTH ARM OF THE MEKONG'!

Yves Sente
TEW BERSERIK
Van Dongen

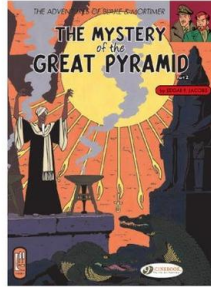
THE ADVENTURES OF BLAKE & MORTIMER



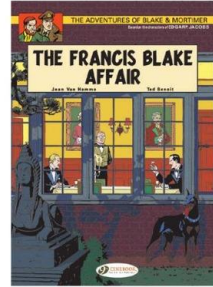
1-The Yellow "M"
EDGAR P. JACOBS



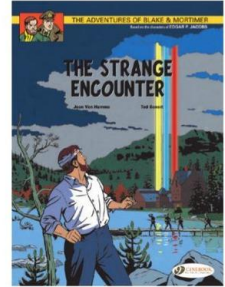
2-The Mystery of the Great Pyramid Part 1
EDGAR P. JACOBS



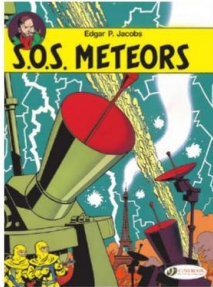
3-The Mystery of the Great Pyramid Part 2
EDGAR P. JACOBS



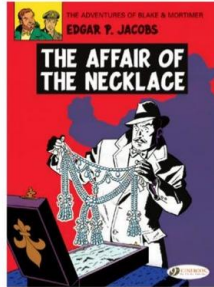
4-The Francis Blake Affair
VAN HAMME - BENOIT



5-The Strange Encounter
VAN HAMME - BENOIT



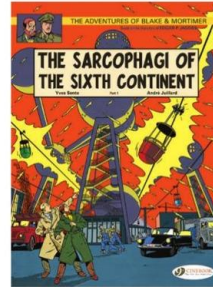
6-S.O.S. Meteors
EDGAR P. JACOBS



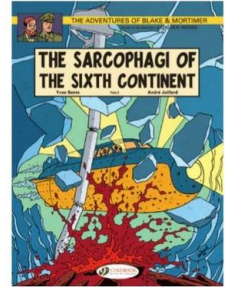
7-The Affair of the Necklace
EDGAR P. JACOBS



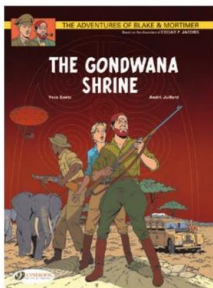
8-The Voronov Plot
SENTE - JUILLARD



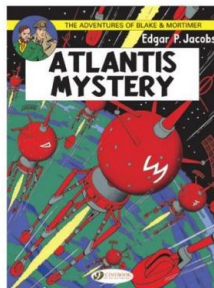
9-The Sarcophagi of the Sixth Continent Part 1
SENTE - JUILLARD



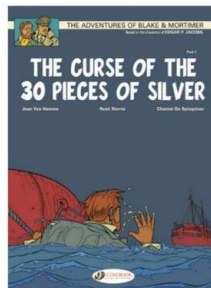
10-The Sarcophagi of the Sixth Continent Part 2
SENTE - JUILLARD



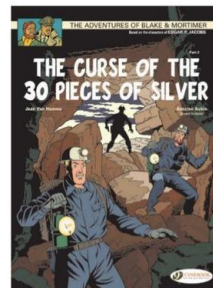
11-The Gondwana Shrine
SENTE - JUILLARD



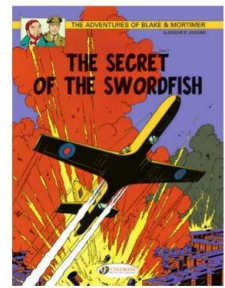
12-Atlantis Mystery
EDGAR P. JACOBS



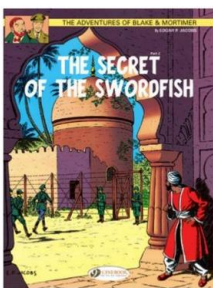
13-The Curse of the 30 Pieces of Silver Part 1
VAN HAMME - STERNE - DE SPIEGELEER



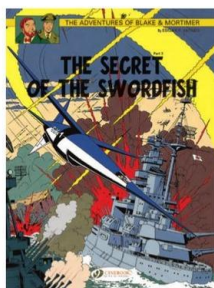
14-The Curse of the 30 Pieces of Silver Part 2
VAN HAMME - AUBIN - SCHREDER



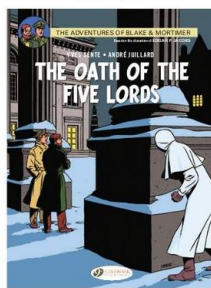
15-The Secret of the Swordfish Part 1
EDGAR P. JACOBS



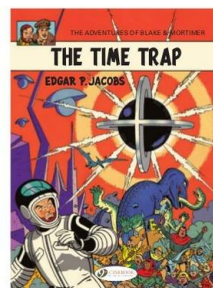
16-The Secret of the Swordfish Part 2
EDGAR P. JACOBS



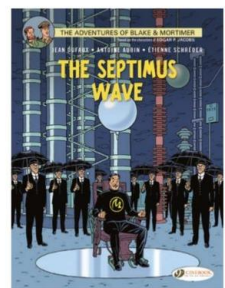
17-The Secret of the Swordfish Part 3
EDGAR P. JACOBS



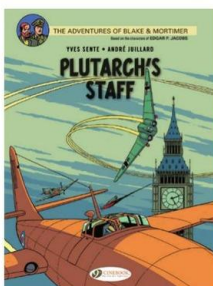
18-The Oath of the Five Lords
SENTE - JUILLARD



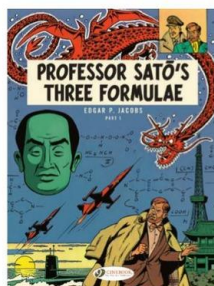
19-The Time Trap
EDGAR P. JACOBS



20-The Septimus Wave
DUFALUX - AUBIN - SCHREDER



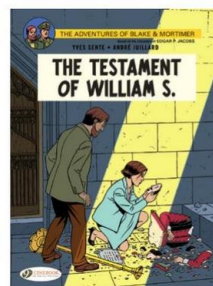
21-Plutarch's Staff
SENTE - JUILLARD



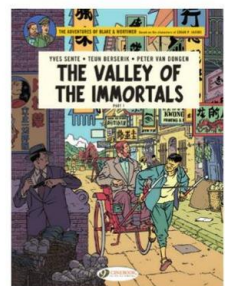
22-Professor Satō's Three Formulae
Part 1
EDGAR P. JACOBS



23-Professor Satō's Three Formulae
Part 2
JACOBS - DE MOOR

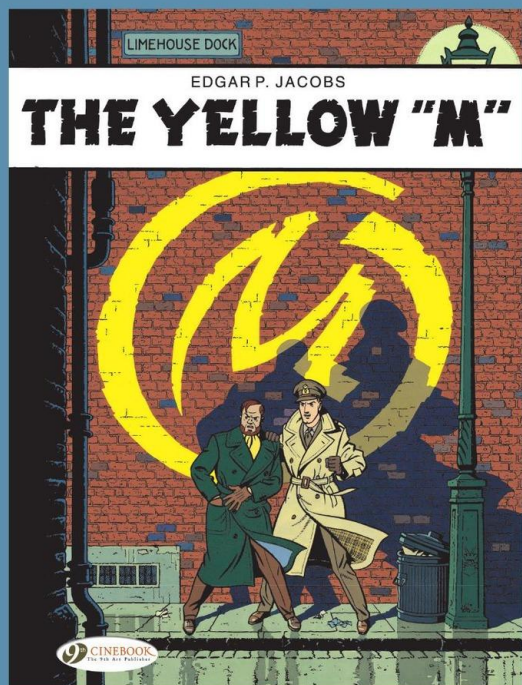


24-The Testament of William S.
SENTE - JUILLARD



25-The Valley of the Immortals
Part 1
SENTE - BERSERIK - VAN DONGEN

EDGAR P. JACOBS



THE YELLOW "M"

London's walls resound with the incredible exploits of the "Yellow Mark." The spectacular actions of this mysterious criminal are on the increase: holding up the Bank of England, robbing the imperial crown... No one seems able to stop him. He is so audacious that he lets the police know in advance where he will commit his crimes, each time ridiculing Scotland Yard a little more.

The apparent ease with which he evades police schemes begins to worry the highest authorities of the country. The Home Office asks Captain Francis Blake to solve the mystery and discover the identity of the man who hides behind the Yellow Mark. The captain immediately takes as partner his old friend, Professor Philip Mortimer, whose scientific knowledge will be invaluable in solving this extremely complex enigma. Who hides behind the Yellow Mark?



© Editions Blake & Mortimer / Studio Jacobs (Dargaud-Lombard s.a.)



THE VORONOV PLOT

Yves Sente

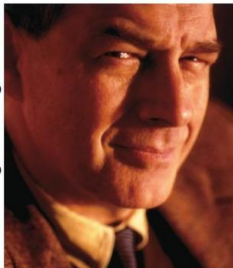
André Juillard

Based on the characters of **EDGAR P. JACOBS**



© Editions Blake & Mortimer / Studio Jacobs (Dargaud-Lombard s.a.)

A Soviet rocket falls back to Earth carrying deadly bacteria. KGB Professor Voronov turns the extraterrestrial threat into a terrifying weapon that could be used to devastate the Western world — but he doesn't take into account the vigilance of Her Majesty's intelligence services. Soon, Blake and Mortimer are drawn into a lethal, shadowy war, from Moscow to London, where the stakes are no less than international peace and the real enemy may not be so obvious.



© Rita Scaglia / Dargaud

André Juillard is a celebrated artist with a career spanning more than 35 years. He has worked on famous series such as "Les Sept Vies de L'Épervier" and "Masquerouge." In 1996, he was awarded the Grand Prix at the Angoulême festival.

Yves Sente began writing scripts in 1999. He has already acquired considerable clout, being chosen as successor to **Jean Van Hamme** for the series "Thorgal" (with **Grzegorz Rosinski**) and "XIII" (with **Iouri Jigounov**), and working with **Jean Van Hamme** on "Blake & Mortimer."



© E. Charneux / Dargaud



LONDON, THE EVENING
OF MARCH THE 25TH

AROUND 6 PM, CAPTAIN FRANCIS BLAKE, CHIEF OF M15—THE FAMOUS BRITISH COUNTER-INTELLIGENCE SERVICE—PRESENTS HIMSELF TO THE SECRETARY OF HIS EXTERNAL INTELLIGENCE SERVICE COLLEAGUE, COMMANDER WILLIAM STEELE OF M16.

Good evening, Miss Pound. I'm here to meet with the Commander.

We were expecting you, Captain. Please follow me.



Thanks for coming so quickly, Francis. How are you?

Very good, William, thank you.



Thank you, Miss Pound. You may leave us now.



HA! HA! HA! Dear Miss Pound! Do you know that she's very much smitten with your charm and the fame you've acquired?

Come now, William, don't joke!



But I'm quite serious, dear fellow! The rumour mill is ablaze, and as you well know, my job is not simply to gather information but also to verify it!

Very well, I bow to your professionalism. That said, how about telling me what's behind your urgent request to see me? I must confess I'm quite curious...



All right! Let's dispense with the pleasantries. Francis, I have some serious trouble with the Soviet Union.

I'm listening, old boy.



About two months ago, my USSR station reported some very disturbing news from Baikonur, the top-secret Soviet Cosmodrome in Kazakhstan. We have an agent over there, working in the hospital attached to the base. I don't need to tell you that such information is vital to the war that East and West are waging over the space race...



Besides the progress of their rocket program, our agent's penultimate report also mentioned a strange story of unknown bacteria that the Russians could have obtained from outer space...

Outer-space bacteria?! William, what are you...



KNOCK KNOCK

Come in!



Pardon me, sir, but I have a message from MOS ONE, and you asked me to use the emergency protocol if...

Yes, I know! Bring it here.



The blazes!! Another one!!





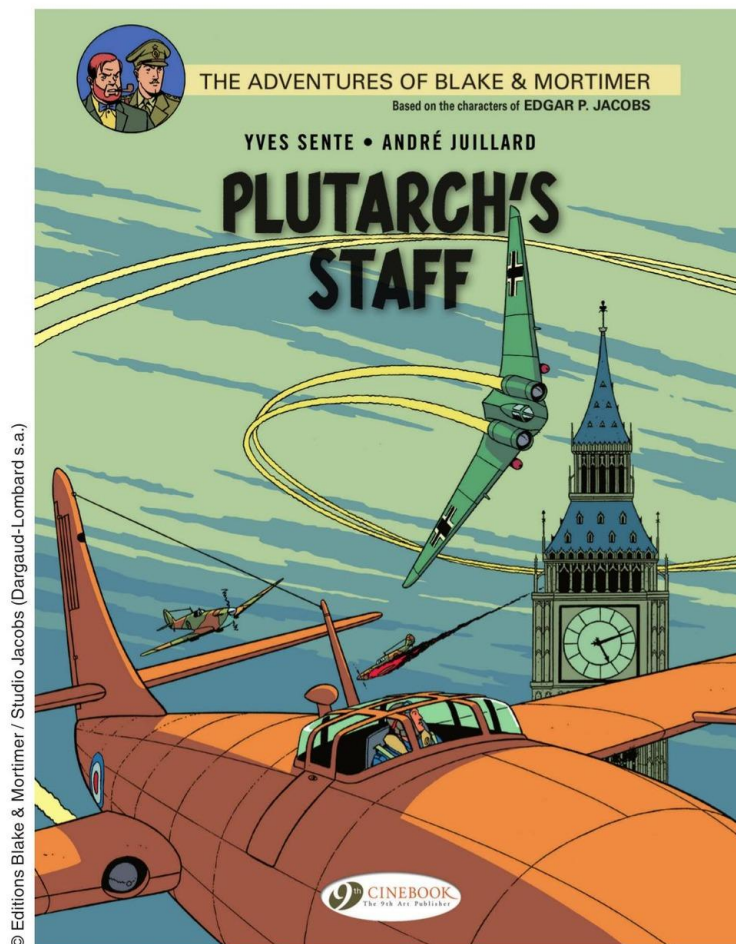
PLUTARCH'S STAFF

Yves Sente

André Juillard

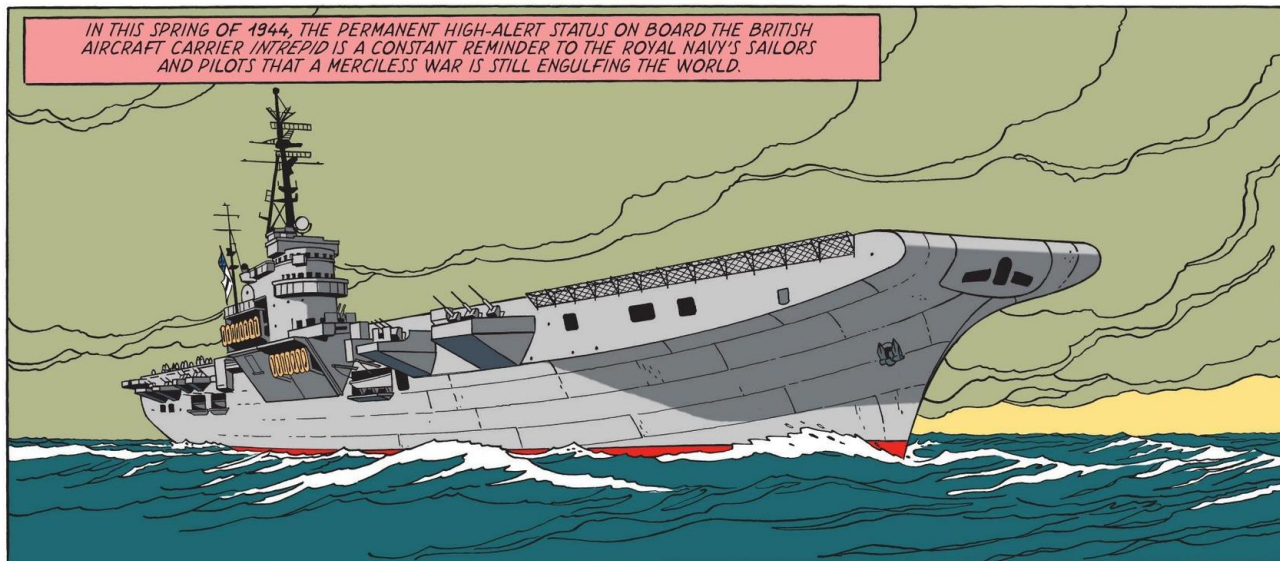
Based on the characters of EDGAR P. JACOBS

**BLAKE AND MORTIMER MUST HELP END A WAR ...
TO PREPARE FOR THE NEXT ONE.
OUR TWO HEROES' FIRST MISSION TOGETHER.**



1944. England is still locked in a struggle to the death with Nazi Germany. But already a new threat looms among the peaks of the Himalayas. For now, though, Squadron Leader Blake, having saved London from a German prototype, is assigned to a top secret mission, during which he meets with an old friend he hasn't seen since India: Philip Mortimer. Soon, the pair are introduced to an officer working for Allied Intelligence: Colonel Olrik...

IN THIS SPRING OF 1944, THE PERMANENT HIGH-ALERT STATUS ON BOARD THE BRITISH AIRCRAFT CARRIER *INTREPID* IS A CONSTANT REMINDER TO THE ROYAL NAVY'S SAILORS AND PILOTS THAT A MERCILESS WAR IS STILL ENGULFING THE WORLD.



ON THE BRIDGE, CAPTAIN HAMILTON IS RECEIVING THE LATEST MISSION REPORT FROM SQUADRON LEADER FRANCIS BLAKE, RAF.

Three submarines sunk! You and your fellows have done great work, Blake!



The men are particularly earnest, Captain. The imminent prospect of an Allied landing in France has seen to that!

Unfortunately, the Germans are expecting it too. The alarming concentration of U-boats off our coasts confirms it.

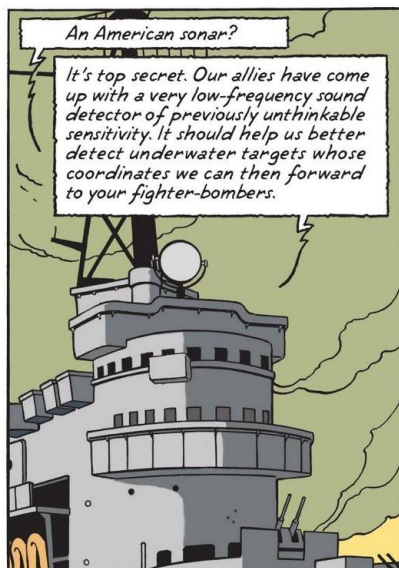


It is imperative that we destroy those killers if we want our troop carriers to have a chance of reaching the continent. And to do that, that new American towed sonar will come in very handy...

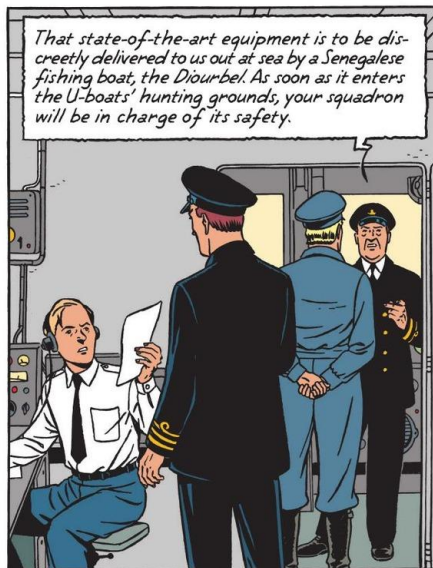


An American sonar?

It's top secret. Our allies have come up with a very low-frequency sound detector of previously unthinkable sensitivity. It should help us better detect underwater targets whose coordinates we can then forward to your fighter-bombers.



That state-of-the-art equipment is to be discreetly delivered to us out at sea by a Senegalese fishing boat, the *Diourbel*. As soon as it enters the U-boats' hunting grounds, your squadron will be in charge of its safety.



Captain! Urgent message from the Cabinet War Rooms!



Edgard Félix Pierre Jacobs (1904–1987), better known under his pen name Edgar P. Jacobs, was a comic book creator (writer and artist), born in Brussels, Belgium. It has been said of Jacobs that he didn't remember a time when he hadn't drawn.

Jacobs assisted fellow Belgian Hergé (Georges Prosper Remi) in the recasting of Hergé's *Tintin in the Congo*, *Tintin in America*, *King Ottokar's Sceptre* and *The Blue Lotus* for book publication. He also contributed directly to both the drawing and storylines for the Tintin double-albums *The Secret of the Unicorn/Red Rackham's Treasure* and *The Seven Crystal Balls/Prisoners of the Sun*.

When the comics magazine Tintin was launched on 26th September 1946, it included Jacobs' story *Le secret de l'Espadon* (*The Secret of the Swordfish*). This story would be the first in the Blake and Mortimer series.

The characters of Captain Francis Blake, dashing head of MI5, his friend Professor Philip Mortimer, a nuclear physicist, and their sworn enemy Colonel Olrik became legendary heroes of the 9th art in the long-running series.

After Jacobs' death in 1987, Bob de Moor completed his unfinished last story. In the mid-1990s, the series was continued by the Jacobs Studios with new teams of writers and artists.



ORIGINAL FRENCH EDITION		
1	1950	Le secret de l'Espadon, T1
2	1953	Le secret de l'Espadon, T2
3	1953	Le secret de l'Espadon, T3
4	1954	Le mystère de la Grande Pyramide, T1
5	1955	Le mystère de la Grande Pyramide, T2
6	1956	La marque Jaune
7	1957	L'énigme de l'Atlantide
8	1959	S.O.S. Météores
9	1962	Le piège diabolique
10	1967	L'affaire du collier
11	1971	Lest trois formules du professeur Satō, T1
12	1990	Lest trois formules du professeur Satō, T2 (Jacobs/De Moor)
13	1996	L'affaire Francis Blake (Van Hamme/Benoit)
14	2000	La machination Voronov (Sente/Juillard)
15	2001	L'étrange rendez-vous (Van Hamme/Benoit)
16	2003	Les sarcophages du Sixième Continent, T1 (Sente/Juillard)
17	2004	Les sarcophages du Sixième Continent, T2 (Sente/Juillard)
18	2008	Le sanctuaire du Gondwana (Sente/Juillard)
19	2009	La malédiction des 30 deniers, T1 (Van Hamme/Sterne/De Spiegeleer)
20	2010	La malédiction des 30 deniers, T2 (Van Hamme/Aubin)
21	2012	Le serment des cinq Lords (Sente/Juillard)
22	2013	L'onde Septimus (Dufaux/Aubin/Schröder)
23	2014	Le bâton de Plutarque (Sente/Juillard)
24	2016	Le Testament de William S. (Sente/Juillard)
25	2018	La Vallée des Immortels, T1 (Sente/Berserik/Van Dongen)

CINEBOOK EDITION		
15	2013	The Secret of the Swordfish, Part 1
16	2013	The Secret of the Swordfish, Part 2
17	2013	The Secret of the Swordfish, Part 3
2	2007	The Mystery of the Great Pyramid, Part 1
3	2008	The Mystery of the Great Pyramid, Part 2
1	2007	The Yellow "M"
12	2012	Atlantis Mystery
6	2009	S.O.S. Meteors
19	2014	The Time Trap
7	2010	The Affair of the Necklace
22	2016	Professor Satō's Three Formulae, Part 1
23	2016	Professor Satō's Three Formulae, Part 2
4	2008	The Francis Blake Affair
8	2010	The Voronov Plot
5	2009	The Strange Encounter
9	2011	The Sarcophagi of the Sixth Continent, Part 1
10	2011	The Sarcophagi of the Sixth Continent, Part 2
11	2011	The Gondwana Shrine
13	2012	The Curse of the 30 Pieces of Silver, Part 1
14	2012	The Curse of the 30 Pieces of Silver, Part 2
18	2014	The Oath of the Five Lords
20	2015	The Septimus Wave
21	2015	Plutarch's Staff
24	2016	The Testament of William S.
25	2018	The Valley of the Immortals, Part 1